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CURRENT COMMENT.

It must have been worth the price of admission to be at the meeting of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva when the small nations rapped for a show-down on the question of disarmament. It seems that they are strong for disarmament and want to see a schedule started at once. Britain and France are against the idea—who'd have thought it?—and the report of Mr. Edwin L. James to the *New York Times* says significantly that delegates of Britain and France "will devote the next few days to bringing the smaller Powers around to their way of thinking." Some clairvoyant insight that we have into the situation assures us that they will succeed. Why not? Whose League of Nations is this, anyway? These little peoples seem to have gone to Geneva under a great misapprehension, and are now becoming obstreperous. Here is Argentina, for example, quitting the Assembly cold because Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy control the Assembly's action when anything important comes up, and Argentina resents being steam-rollered. Why, even here in the United States—the Benighted States as some envious foreigners unkindly call us—there is a far better understanding of the nature and purpose of the League of Nations than our Latin-American brothers appear to show. The whole thing is beyond our conjecture; we can not make it out.

It is hard to imagine a more complete give-away on the character and purpose of the League of Nations, than is contained in the dispatches dealing with Argentina's withdrawal. Consider, for example, this gem serene, which was cabled 5 December by Mr. James to the *New York Times*. The italics are ours: "The truth of the incident appears to be that Pueyrredon and the delegation from Argentina, which had been neutral during the war, came to Geneva with a programme for *taking away the control of the League from the big Powers which had been victorious in the conflict*. He counted on many neutrals and small States following his lead and hoped to swing the Assembly with their aid. He found that the covenant was so worded and the Council so strongly established that he could not make much headway, *especially as many small States, being under obligations to the great Powers, declined to follow him*. . . . With regard to his proposals, the election of the whole Council by the Assembly is a basic change, aimed at making the

Assembly supreme. *In framing the League the big Powers felt that this was not yet desirable; in fact, the Council was especially devised in its present form as a safety valve to render harmless the possible ebullitions of small States.*"

MR COLBY'S note, serving notice that the United States proposes to be let in on the loot in the oil-fields which Great Britain cabbaged, has run the international temperature down very low. The frigidity of the British press presages a hard winter. Theoretically, it appears, Mr. Colby may be right, but practically he is wrong, because the United States has not ratified either the peace treaty or the League covenant, and is therefore a rank outsider, and should remain merely among those present at all these little games of grab, and speak only when spoken to. If the United States wants to get in on Mesopotamian oil, one paper says, the United States must put up its proportion of the cost of obtaining it; i. e., must join the League of Nations. This is the most explicit admission about the character of the League of Nations that we have yet seen in an English paper, and we are glad to quote it as bearing out our own opinion, which we have expressed consistently, that the League is an association for economic exploitation without the risk and cost of war. The suggestion that we "must put up our proportion of the cost," however, almost compels a reminder that but for what we did put up, Great Britain's marauders would not now be getting oil enough in Mesopotamia or anywhere else, to grease a wheelbarrow; and that fact, coupled with a consideration of the freedom with which British oil-interests are operating in this country, makes the remark seem rather brash.

THE British Government will not let the Greek army be cut below its present strength, nor let any man who is "viewed with disfavour" by the Allies serve in the new Greek cabinet. At this rate, the Greeks ought pretty soon to be able to sympathize with Americans who live under the bull-whip of the Anti-Saloon League. The Greek army, however, is apparently demobilizing itself quite rapidly, by the simple and effective process of laying down its arms and quitting. The Greek people, furthermore, has registered another protest in the plebiscite held 5 December, by an overwhelming majority in favour of King Constantine's return. Some think that Constantine will regard this as a complimentary vote, and abdicate in favour of his son; and it might be something of a face-saver for the British and French Governments if he should do so. Probably, too, it would upset the Greeks no more than the abdication of Mr. Harding in favour of Mr. Coolidge would upset us. There may be some sentiment for Constantine himself, but the chances are that, like Mr. Harding, he is most largely regarded as a handy peg on which to hang a rousing protest.

STRANGE, how the idea of direct action gains in favour. The latest converts, if reports are to be believed, are our international bankers who, blandly ignoring the indirections of State Departments and diplomatists, have bluntly informed the Polish Government that henceforth financial assistance to Poland will be conditioned upon its strict compliance with the decisions of the Council of the League of Nations. Thus, while our Senators hesitate to accept the League, and our people flatly repudiate it, our financiers, with lordly indifference to politicians and politics

alike, have placed the economic power of the nation behind it. This is good news for the brethren in Geneva, for with Europe's bankrupt Governments looking to American bankers for loans and credit, this recognition of the League by Wall Street makes Washington's approval an empty form. This paper had occasion to suggest some time ago that the choice between assisting the peoples of Europe to achieve peace and economic co-operation, and assisting the Governments of Europe to continue their imperialistic wars, with ultimate economic disintegration, lay wholly with American financiers in their control of future loans. And now these rulers of the nations have made their choice. If they have really chosen to underwrite the League of Nations, then by so doing they give in its most practical and efficient form the sanction of America to the evils which have been created in Europe by the peacemakers of Versailles.

PRESIDENT WILSON has offered his "personal mediation" in Armenia, carefully stipulating that this does not mean United States money or United States troops. This is first-rate; no one would ask for a fairer statement of the proprieties. There are some other considerations, however, that are disquieting. One is that the State Department is reported to regard the President, in this proposed act of mediation, as representing the United States Government. Another is that certain foreign Governments are reported to take the same view. The present United States Government has been so heartily and uproariously repudiated by the people, that no such view can be countenanced in any kind of decency. Then, further, every time that President Wilson has meddled in European affairs, it has somehow managed to cost the country vast damages in money, self-respect, the good will of other peoples, and about everything that is valuable. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it would be highly becoming for Mr. Wilson to put a gun-shy nation on the safe side and refrain from mediating in Armenia until after 4 March, 1921.

JUST as we put through the press last week our note of lamentation at missing the good old-time dispatches from Helsingfors, by George, one turned up its timid features in the old place on the front page of the daily papers. It was to the effect that Lenin let our energetic friend Vanderlip sandbag that Siberian concession out of him with a view to raising a fuss between the United States and Japan. The Japanese, it appears, are operating extensively over there at present, picking up whatever is loose and little in the region assigned to Mr. Vanderlip's syndicate. Hence, when Mr. Vanderlip and his co-concessionaires attempt to shoo them off, it is Lenin's expectation that the brown brethren will show fight. Helsingfors is losing its grip, evidently. There is altogether too much reasonableness and plausibility about this effort for a Helsingfors dispatch. Besides, the New York *Times* claims to have dug up a paraphrase of the original speech in which Lenin broached this idea, in the columns of the *Krasnaya Gazeta* of Petrograd; and this is the most like corroboration of a Helsingfors dispatch that we have ever heard of. If Helsingfors can lapse into being truthful for a moment or so, things are clearly in a more serious way over there than we supposed; and it may be that brother Vanderlip's concession will fall through.

A JAPANESE military commission stationed in Manchuria has recently addressed to some Canadian missionaries who are operating in the neighbourhood, a communication of more than ordinary interest. After reciting the usual excuses for what the missionaries have been pleased to call "massacres," the note says that if British Christians give spiritual or material assistance to Korean malcontents, Japan may easily make reprisal by turning a few Buddhists loose in India. If the missionaries had been giving a reasonable amount of attention to terrestrial affairs, this admonition would have been superfluous, for the brethren would have understood already that their own King George has more varieties of oppressed peoples

to deal with just now than any other potentate here below. The fact is, neither Great Britain nor Japan can afford to touch off any more fires of the sort that were lighted so promiscuously in the early days of the war.

THE privilege of stirring up nationalistic movements in backward countries has passed now to those Red internationalists who at one time condemned such movements as futile. It is partly because of the necessity for utilizing any and all weapons against its imperialistic enemies that the Government at Moscow has fallen into this position; but even so, its activities are not as utterly incongruous as may at first appear. The Canadians in Korea, and the Japanese in India would not dare to preach the doctrines that Moscow has been broadcasting all over Asia. The Soviet propagandists have urged nationalist revolts; but the Soviet Government had made it plain in its offers to China, to Persia, and to the Turkish Nationalists that what is wanted is not simply a few new nations here or there, but a complete demolition of the imperialist system which is built upon spheres of influence and colonial domain. Since the Soviet Government is definitely committed to the surrender of all Russian rights acquired under this system, Moscow may with a fair degree of consistency give aid to any movement which promises the destruction of all other such rights. Indeed it seems highly appropriate that the Power most without imperialism should cast the first stone.

THERE is no news to speak of in the current report that the Filipinos want to self-determine themselves right out from under the stars and stripes. It is our understanding that they have felt this way for some time; and we hope that the half-million dollars just voted by their legislature, for the purpose of propagandizing the United States on the subject of independence, will be judiciously expended. There is plenty of weight on the other end of the teeter-board just now, and it will be fine to have a little anti-imperialism shipped in from the islands to help balance things up.

TYPICAL of the sort of thing the Philippine adventure is more likely to bring us, and in increasing quantities from now on, is a story just cabled home by a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who has been snooping around in the Orient. According to this report, Japanese transports are actively engaged in carrying soldiers to Formosa, where a considerable force has already been concentrated in a camp on the southern end of the island, twenty hours' sail from the Philippines. The correspondent "investigated this camp at night from the sea"; according to his report, "it appears to cover several hundred acres, and to judge from the brilliance of the light and its wide extent, the population of the camp is equal to that of a large city." Since the United States is, for the present, at peace with Japan, it is just possible that the correspondent might have secured the permission of the Japanese authorities to land and inspect the camp by the light of day. But there is no good reason why the new Marco Polo should have taken the trouble to evaporate the romance from a tale, which, as it stands, reminds us of the good old days when Englishmen used to sleep in bullet-proof pajamas and strap on automatic pistols before they went out to tea—all for fear of a navy a few hours' sail to eastward. Stories of this sort make fine reading, and if they are only repeated often enough, people come finally to think that war is inevitable.

PROBABLY we are pretty nearly at the end of the Shipping Board scandal and the army-supply scandal. These fragrant matters have been so well aired in the daily press that this paper saw no need of following their cadaverous scent. Nor is any comment now necessary, except one. Our readers may remember that "this war was different." Its ideals were so pure, its purposes so high and holy, that no standards applicable to any other war could be applied to this one. Our naïve liberal friends, with just about two distinguished and memorable exceptions—

Randolph Bourne and Oswald Garrison Villard—were especially busy in ladling out this sort of stuff; and the emotional pacifists simply reeked with its sickly savour. Anyone who had the small amount of information and the still smaller amount of common sense necessary to discount it, was abused and harried by every force of ignorance and stupidity that the land could muster. Well, how about it now? Our liberal friends seemed very sure of a great many benefits of one kind and another that would come to us out of our participation in the war, but we have noticed that they now seem a little reluctant to dwell upon the blessings that have actually arrived. Meanwhile these scandals remind us that "the hard-faced men who have done well out of the war" have done very well indeed; so well that our liberal friends and the converted pacifists might perhaps gain from their sudden prosperity some inkling of the invariable nature of the cause of war, even of this war that was in all respects "so different."

THERE is prospect of trouble with the railway-men again. There are as yet no national adjustment-boards for settling differences between the railways and their employees, and Mr. Stone, head of the Engineer's Brotherhood, says if they are not forthcoming, he, for one, is through trying to hold his men in check. Mr. Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania Railway, is disposed to stand pat. He says that the demand disguises a plot for the closed shop, the One Big Union, the Plumb plan and sovietism. Hence he is agin it. He can afford to be, since there is a labour-surplus. We would call Mr. Stone's attention to this fact. It is true that the Engineers are in a sort of preferred position, as railway-engineers can not be made over-night. But if Mr. Stone is considering the interests of railway-labour in general, he ought to remember that Mr. Atterbury has the one convincing argument on his side in the form of a labour-surplus. Whenever there are 101 men for 100 jobs, Mr. Atterbury will always hold the whip-hand; and as long as land is held out of competition for labour, in a free and open market, just so long can a labour-surplus be created and industry can get labour on its own terms.

FOR this reason, this paper never took any particular interest in trade-unionism, or advocated any very energetic measures in favour of trade-union issues like this one of the national adjustment-boards. Far from sharing Mr. Atterbury's despondent view of the boards, we think that if they are ever appointed, they will turn out to be, like all such palliatives, a most unsatisfactory makeshift which will come to nothing and finally break down. Mr. Stone presumably knows his own interests best; but as far as an outsider can see, the interests of labour, whether railway-labour or not, lie in making impossible the creation of a labour-surplus. If industry were forced to compete with land in a free labour-market, Mr. Stone would not need any adjustment-boards—there would be nothing for them to do. The present issues of trade-unionism—wages, hours and conditions of labour—would disappear. It is private ownership of the economic rent of land which now puts industry in this privileged position by releasing it from competition with land. Therefore one would suppose that Mr. Stone and his Brotherhood would make it their first business to see that this ownership was broken up.

MR. A. C. BEDFORD, returning from a trip to Europe during which he accomplished a good turn or two for the Standard Oil Company, is impressed with the possibilities of France as a competitive market for oil under an open-door policy. He seems to be for free trade generally, according to an interview which he gave out on landing. "What international trade needs," he said, "is removal of every vestige of artificial regulation and restriction; and this applies particularly to the petroleum industry." Why it should apply particularly to this industry, is not clear; but no matter—if the status of the petroleum industry has been the thing to establish that doctrine in

Mr. Bedford's mind, well and good. His statement of the case is sound and strong, and our only purpose in calling attention to it is to commend him and express the hope that he will back it up.

THE cause of free trade has suffered in this country through being engineered too largely by people of an "impractical" turn, as it is called. It has enlisted too few of Mr. Bedford's type to get very far. When we speak of free trade, we do not mean revenue-tariff free trade, but free trade as Mr. Bedford describes it in the sentence quoted above, "the removal of every vestige of artificial regulation and restriction." If Mr. Bedford is convinced of this, his connexions and influence would seem to enable him to do more for it in half an hour than people like ourselves, for example, could do in a hundred years. We do not want to take advantage of Mr. Bedford on the strength of what may have been after all, only a chance remark thrown out of an intense preoccupation with the interests of a single industry. But we have waited so long for some Cobden to raise his head out of the welter of economic ignorance and myopia which is American business, that when we see something that looks like one, we can hardly help making the most of it that the law allows.

COBDEN, who enforced free trade upon England, was a merchant and industrialist of great prominence. He was in the textile way; the "Cobden prints" are known to this day. It was his standing as a merchant that commanded the confidence of his fellow-merchants in what he had to say. Such is human nature. It will be a long time before any sound economics are set going in the United States, unless persons who are authoritative in our commerce and industry not only are themselves convinced, as Mr. Bedford appears to be, but also pretty well make a business of convincing others. For example, there is a strong move to put a duty on wheat-imports at the session now opening; also, we hear, to protect the citrus-fruit growers; also the wool-growers, the cattle-raisers, and so on. This sort of thing will continue, in our judgment, and the tariff will for ever be what General Hancock so truly said it was, a local issue, unless and until men of Mr. Bedford's experience and standing come forward in behalf of reason and of a sound economic order.

THE wool-grower, wheat-grower, the citrus-fruit man and all the rest, need to have explained to them the inter-relation of production and consumption, and that no measure which is in the long-run not good for industry and commerce as a whole, can possibly, in the long-run, be good for any one industry or any one branch of commerce. It is obviously impossible for us, or any like ourselves, to tell them this; they will not hear. They have so long put their confidence in politicians and lawyers—God knows why—that Mr. Bedford himself would have up-hill work in trying to tell them, the kind of work that shortened Richard Cobden's life by a decade, at least. But no other type of man can tell them anything, and Mr. Bedford might tell them something; and after all, things can not go really well even with the oil-business until they go really well with the fruit-business and the wheat-business and with all the rest.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE LOGIC OF THE BLUE LAWS.

The movement for a blue-law Sunday is logical, orderly and to be expected. Some say that it should be taken seriously, meaning that it should be fought. With due respect, we think that this is not taking it seriously; on the contrary, we regard any opposition to the movement as the height of levity. It presupposes reason as inhering somewhere in the movement, or at least that those who might be induced to support the movement, a prospective popular majority, are amenable to reason; and neither is true. Reason has no place anywhere in the premises; and as for the kind of opposition which consists in meeting irrationality with irrationality, it is notoriously unprofitable and debilitating. This paper therefore does not propose to enter any opposition to this movement, to fulminate against it or get worked up about it in any way; not because we do not take it seriously, but because we do.

Once admit the principle of sumptuary law, and there is no logical stopping-place in the process of its application. We commend this truth to the particular attention of our liberal friends who have shown themselves quite ready to pick and choose among inhibitions upon freedom and compromises with freedom, selecting and advocating such as suited them. There is no compromise with freedom. If the principle of freedom be nullified at one point, it may be nullified at any point. If its application may be suspended here, it may be suspended there. Freedom, in other words, is either a principle, or it is not. If it is a principle, it should be held to *semper ubique et ab omnibus*. If it is, on the other hand, a matter for the exercise of a more or less enlightened opportunism, this paper has no interest in it and no desire to discuss it. We simply remark that, in our judgment, there ought to be an end of disingenuousness and humbug on the subject. Freedom is one thing, opportunism is another; and it is disingenuous to talk about freedom when what one really means is opportunism.

We believe that the great majority of our people, as of all people, are not jealous of the principle of freedom. They are good-naturedly tolerant of opportunism. Well, this is their right, and it does not seem the duty of those who believe in the principle of freedom to be for ever expostulating and crusading against the majority in behalf of it. If the people do not care for freedom, they must be free to reject it. They have a right to their experience, which right the believer in freedom should be the last to tamper with; and it is only by way of experience that any just apprehension of freedom can come to their children or that those who come after them may learn finally that freedom admits no compromise under any circumstances.

We are by no means convinced that this experience can come to the American people too quickly or with too much severity. We content ourselves with saying that, once the principle of freedom is compromised—and no one will deny, we presume, that it is already quite thoroughly, even elaborately, compromised in this country—there is no reason on earth against an indefinite extension of that compromise. Tobacco, coffee, card-playing, dancing, high heels, dress, sex-rela-

tions, church-going, Sunday transportation, or whatever else one may think of—there is no possibility of logical objection to extending the already established compromise with freedom to cover any and all of them. This paper is everywhere, always, and under all circumstances for freedom; and therefore it can not be interested in any discussion for or against a mere further compromise of something that has already been compromised.

A NEEDED POLITICAL REFORM.

If the Republican party is interested in a political reform that will really reform something, it has its chance in reviving the old project that came before the Sixty-third Congress, of establishing a responsible Cabinet. The time is especially favourable; because the public has had so recently a capital and continuous example of the evils of "government by indirection" as ex-Secretary Redfield so admirably styles our present system. The change is simple; so simple, in fact, that we doubt whether legislation on the subject is absolutely necessary. The gist of the new system is that the President should choose his Cabinet from the House of Representatives; as in England, for instance, where only members of the Houses of Parliament may be taken into a Ministry, and if a member of the Commons loses his seat, he loses his portfolio with it. Sitting in the House of Representatives, the members of the Cabinet would at all times be subject to direct interpellation upon any matter connected with the administration of their several Departments.

The direct advantages of this system are so obvious that when it was canvassed in the Sixty-third Congress, Senators Allison, Blaine and Voorhees, among others, signed a report in its favour. At present, the only way that our representatives can get any information out of a Cabinet officer is through a committee, and everyone knows what that means; it is the slowest, most unsatisfactory and halting method, probably, that could be devised. In England, a Cabinet officer is under scrutiny and question all the time. Any member may put any question on the parliamentary order-paper at any time, and the executive head of the Department concerned must answer during the definite period called "question-time" which is set apart for that purpose. Under our system, again, the only way that a Cabinet officer who abuses his function can be brought to book, is through the utterly impracticable method of a Congressional investigation. From observation of the English system, we doubt whether, for example, Mr. Burleson and Mr. Palmer could have managed to hang on for a month after their peculiar activities had been open to direct interpellation in the House. They might have done so, but they would have had to display a deal more cleverness in the face of an informed and determined Opposition than any one ever gave them credit for possessing. Mr. Baker showed great adroitness under investigation, after the fat was all in the fire; but whether he could have maintained himself under interpellation from day to day while the fat was frying, is extremely doubtful.

Aside from direct and obvious advantages like the foregoing, and like the economies to which Mr. Redfield calls attention when, in the *Magazine of Wall Street* he advocates this change, there are others less direct but quite as important. Except for those who are professionally interested, politics dies between campaigns. In countries where there

is a responsible Ministry, politics never dies. There is always an Opposition, which, no matter how small its minority, the system permits and encourages to be both active and effective in its close watch on the majority; and the publicity which its efforts command keeps some measure of interest alive in the citizenry. There is no real Opposition in Washington, because in the absence of a responsible Ministry, there is nothing upon which an Opposition can function directly. The executive administration of the Departments goes on, and is known to go on, quite as though the Congress itself, let alone an Opposition minority, did not exist. Hence the continuous, day-to-day conduct of the nation's business—true politics, in other words—interests no one. The instinct of the people is in this respect, as in all others, wholly sound. Why be interested in an enterprise delegated and made over to utterly irresponsible direction, with no one knowing anything, or in a position to know anything, about its conduct? In England, the notion that the Opposition, as well as the majority, represents the practical interests of the people, is never quite lost. The majority represents the type of political theory that is temporarily dominant; but the Opposition is there to see to it, in the interest of the people, that the majority makes good and plays straight at every tack and turn. There is something rather fine and suggestive in its official title, "His Majesty's loyal Opposition." Under a system of responsible government, an Opposition has every facility and incentive for giving the people pretty nearly its money's worth of scrutiny and check upon the majority, and usually does so; and thus politics is kept alive and kicking all the year round.

Then, by consequence, such a system breeds abler men in politics; not better men, but abler. This is some consolation to the citizen. If one must be mulcted and hoodwinked, as the people are under all political systems, one feels better about it, possibly, if done by men for whose ability one may have some measure of respect. It is humiliating to be victimized by sheer force of a system so arranged that anyone can operate it, because it inevitably comes to be operated by men of mean ability and inferior qualities. If one must be robbed, there is a certain melancholy satisfaction in being robbed by Claude Duval or Doubrovsky rather than by Bill Sykes. Responsible government, begetting a true Opposition which tends to keep the public informed and interested, has to be administered by adroit and resourceful executives, because no other kind can stand the gaff of such a public. Irresponsible government, on the other hand, "government by indirection," which nullifies an Opposition and gives to politics only the occasional and superficial interest of a Roman holiday, is usually administered by some Mr. Burleson or Mr. Palmer. Responsible government tends to weed out such men from politics, as the increasing information and continuous interest of the people bred by the system, gradually over-matches them. Imagine Mr. Daniels or Mr. Burleson facing the heckling of a political meeting in the West Riding of Yorkshire!

It is getting near Christmas-time, and we gladly make the Republican leaders a present of this idea, reminding them again that not so long ago it was endorsed by some of the most distinguished standard-bearers of their party in the United States

Senate. If they look askance at it as coming from an Ishmaelite like ourselves, we may mention that we have heard it favourably spoken of by our liberal friends as well, who have what Mr. Bright used to call "a commendable interest" in politics, and whose recommendation is therefore much more considerable than our own.

THE STATESMAN'S BOOMERANG.

TERRORISM is the statesman's boomerang. It seems a splendidly effective weapon as it flies off on its mission, but it has a habit of coming home. It would be possible, we imagine, for a mathematician or physicist to put the truth of the matter in a formula or diagram. History is a long chronicle of the actions and reactions of terrorism and, though the facts are both confusing and contradictory, we may gather from them at least one conclusion—that, while the object of terrorism is order, its result is simply more terrorism till terrorism is exhausted and either justice or ruin takes its place.

There are some writers who confuse force with terrorism. They regard war, for instance, as an attempt to impose a reign of terror on one's enemies. War, no doubt, began in that spirit. It was regarded as legitimate not merely to massacre enemies taken in the field but to go into their houses and dash out the brains of their children on the stones. Superficially, this seems logical enough. If the object of war is to impose your will on an enemy, and if you claim the right to suspend as many of the Ten Commandments as are necessary for this purpose, desperate logicians will laugh at you for making exceptions in favour of children and surrendered enemies. We live, however, by the logic of experience, not by logic in a vacuum. It was the experience of a thousand wars that slowly taught us that butchery on one side has too often to be paid for by butchery on the other—that ruthlessness not only increases resistance but incites to revenge. In our own interests—for no side has any guarantee that it will always be victor—we came to an agreement which would temper the horrors of war and secure prisoners as well as women, children, and unarmed men from being murdered. There has never, we believe, been any evidence to suggest that war has become less effective as a means of achieving one's end as a result of the introduction of these considerations of humanity. On the other hand, war conceived as a loosing of untempered terrorism has again and again proved a failure.

If ruthlessness does not pay in war, it seems reasonable to conclude that it must pay still less in peace. Thrones based on repression have, no doubt, lasted for many generations. But the most secure thrones have been those which have given their subjects something more than punishments. The happiest periods of history have been those in which men have been least ruled by fear. Even where a strong man triumphs temporarily by methods of terrorism, it is usually only a personal triumph, and saves neither his successors nor his cause. Sulla was a man of genius who re-established the ancient Roman Constitution by methods so bloody, so thorough, and so horrible that no man dared murmur. "The edifice," history tells us, "was impressive, and apparently indestructible." Sulla died, however, and his work vanished like a fool's dream. The motley and discordant crew, odious by its associations with murder and rapine, to whom he had entrusted the duties which had formerly been the privilege of the old nobility, no longer possessed the authority necessary to govern the State. It is one of

the ironies of history that the men who destroyed Sulla's work were his old disciples and friends.

We need not go back to Roman history, however, in order to find evidence of the fatuity of terrorism as a means of saving the State. English history for the last two hundred years affords all the proof we need that the stablest society, as well as the stablest throne, is that which makes the least resort to terrorism. Even in the English Civil War there had been a smaller element of terrorism than in most civil wars. The Stuarts, on their restoration, attempted to secure their position by either acquiescing in or encouraging terrorism, as we see in the records of Titus Oates plots and Judge Jeffreys. Here, as so often, however, it proved that terrorism was not force. The Stuarts disappeared amidst execrations, and England only began to be assured of a settled civilization when a Prime Minister came into power who was either too wise or too lazy to persecute his opponents. Sir Robert Walpole realized that it is easier to come to terms with men you treat good-humouredly than with men you treat brutally. He could have aimed, like other statesmen, at a triumph over bloody heads in a basket. He had plenty of excuse for regarding his enemies as traitors and pursuing them to the death. He saw, however, that it was more important to save England than to enact a red melodrama with a headsman holding up the head of a traitor to the applause of a mob that loves melodramatic justice. He may be said to have defeated traitors by allowing them to live. English progress since then has been largely due to this compromise, which is in defiance of all logic except the logic of experience.

A book by Karl Kautsky, "Terrorism and Communism," which has just been translated into English, contains some references to the place of terrorism in history, which are worth considering in days in which terrorism seems to be becoming popular again as an instrument of Government. He shows, by examples from the history of France and of Russia, the dangers that lie in wait for Governments that know only how to repress. Both in the French and the Russian Revolutions things of unspeakable horror were done. The reactionary, when he reads about them, is content to denounce them as crimes without a cause. He does not see in them the boomerang of the guilt of his own class. He does not realize that they were merely the barbarous retort to barbarity. Wordsworth saw that at the time, and put the case in some memorable lines in "The Prelude":

There is no doubt that the cruelty of the enraged and desperate masses in the Revolution was terrible. But one should not blame the Revolution alone for that, even if one is justified in ever blaming mental occurrences of this kind. They were the result of the treatment that had been meted out to the people by high authority for many a long day. Just one example:

In the year 1757 a man, Damiens by name, attempted the life of Louis XV. He attacked him with a kind of penknife, which proved to be quite harmless. But the revenge for this deed was terrible. Damiens's right hand was hacked off, and burnt before his own eyes. Wounds were made in his arms, legs and chest, and boiling oil and molten lead were poured in these wounds. Then they bound each of his limbs to horses, and drove the animals each in different directions, so that his whole body was literally torn to pieces. This infamous torture was executed in full publicity, in order to make an effect on the crowd. The effect, alas, we know.

Such barbarities were perpetrated till right into the time of the Revolution. It was really the Revolution that finally brought them to an end.

We have no doubt that the French ruling-classes during all these years of repression believed that they were effectively punishing crime and rooting out se-

dition. They were still more effectively, however, teaching the populace lessons of cruelty and preparing the way for the red terror. They might have paused if they had known that the torture that is practised on a peasant to-day may be practised on a peer or a peer's children to-morrow. In Tsarist Russia, we saw a Government which in the same way was mad enough to become a schoolmaster of cruelty to the people. The Russian Government did not admit that it was cruel: it affirmed that it was maintaining law and order. It did not realize that a Government can not become terrorist without teaching terrorism to its subjects. Every Russian man, woman and child of the upper and middle classes who has fallen a victim during the revolutionary excesses of the past three years is a victim less of bolshevism than of the insolent cruelties that prepared the way for bolshevism. No Government can brutalize its people without training them to behave like brutes. It is impossible to claim the right to be a terrorist on the understanding that one's victims will never claim the same right. Rulers would hesitate to be cruel if they realized that the victims of the forces of cruelty they have loosed might one day include their own children.

FUTILITARIANISM.

DEMOISELLE CANDEILLE, of the Opera; a woman fair to look upon, when well rouged; she, borne on palanquin shoulder-high; with red woollen night-cap; in azure mantle; garlanded with oak; holding in her hand the Pike of the Jupiter-Peuple, sails in; heralded by white, young women girt in tricolour. Let the world consider it! This, O National Convention wonder of the universe, is our New Divinity; Goddess of Reason, worthy, and alone worthy of revering. . . .

And now, after due pause and flourishes of oratory, the Convention, gathering its limbs, does get under way in the required procession towards Notre-Dame; Reason, again in her litter, sitting in the van of them, borne, as one judges, by men in the Roman costume; escorted by wind-music, red night-caps, and the madness of the world. And so, straightway, Reason taking seat on the high-altar of Notre-Dame, the requisite worship or quasi-worship is, say the Newspapers, *executed*; National Convention chanting the "Hymn to Liberty," words by Chénier, music by Gossec. It is the first of the Feasts of Reason; first communion-service of the New Religion of Chaumette.

WE have Mr. Chesterton's word for it that, "Verbally considered, Carlyle's 'French Revolution' was more revolutionary than the real French Revolution." The Scotsman's tumbling phrases, "whirling and spinning, like those Dust-vortexes, forerunners of Tempest and Destruction," did indeed set for the revolution a pace that no dancer of the Carmagnole could have held to, for a quarter of an hour. Yet for all the madness of his "clotted verbiage," even by virtue of this quality, Carlyle sometimes illuminates a truth which more tempered writing might leave in dull obscurity. For instance, in the paragraphs we have placarded above, he makes powerfully evident the antithesis between the austere name of Reason and the clownishness of the new religion; the Goddess of Reason is herself a sham, and the worship of her, an emotional debauch.

Such was Carlyle's judgment of this particular affair; such was, perhaps, the judgment of all sober men, in France as well as in England, when once the fires of revolution had burned themselves out. And yet the thoughtful people of that time were by no means prepared to accept and to apply generally the proposition that the worship of reason is nonsense. Reason had had her prophets in an earlier day: Locke, the philosopher of natural law; Voltaire, who could see at a glance the few simple principles of life, working within the mass of detail;

Diderot and the other Encyclopædists, who set out to accumulate all human knowledge in one set of books, the Bible of the new religion; Holbach, who gathered the revelations of the French Enlightenment into a "grim gospel of materialism," with this proverb for its text: "Nature bids man consult his reason, and take it for his guide: Religion teaches him that his reason is corrupted, that it is a faithless, truthless guide, implanted by a treacherous God to mislead his creatures."

The physiocratic economists made a most practical application of these doctrines of natural law and human rationality. To man, the creature of reason, they promised no end of happiness, if only he would give thought to the simple and self-evident laws of nature, and to the accommodation of his life to these laws. The physiocrats believed that men in general had the capacity to understand life; and they assumed that action would invariably be directed by this understanding. Thus human reason was not only all-knowing; it was all-powerful; and under this condition the hope of a New Heaven could be cheerfully exchanged for the immediate prospect of a New Earth. The worshippers of reason had in fact affected something very like an apotheosis of man.

For those who accepted the splendid concept of the knowability and perfectability of life through reason, the problems of existence were much simplified, and the technique of their solution was very definitely prescribed. It was the sole duty and the blessed privilege of the philosopher to search for truth, and, having found it, to place it in plain terms before the minds of his fellow-men. Since all minds were alike in the possession of the divine attribute of reason, and since the processes of reason were everywhere identical, the new truth would be accepted by all men and would become immediately effective in the governance of life.

Such was the religion of reason in its baldest terms, never consciously accepted by the masses of men, never free from attacks by mystics on the one hand and thorough-going sceptics on the other, yet profoundly effective in directing thought away from human individuality and into the paths of generalization. The strongest believer in the far-spread uniformities of reason might conceivably have asked himself a few questions which would have shaken his faith in the surety and importance of these generalizations. He might have inquired whether any single situation in his own personal life had ever been as carefully and as rationally appraised, according to the principle of self-interest or any other principle, as the simplest theoretical problem he had had occasion to discuss. He might have gazed down into the swirling depths of his own consciousness, to discover that his Self of yesterday, already a stranger to him, had been rushed headlong by a flood of emotion into many an action that no sort of reasoning could justify; that his Self of to-day was a strange confusion of dislikes and desires, loves and hatreds, a thronging carnival of imps and angels that tossed up, in all confusion, the sublimest aspirations and the blackest villainies; that his Self of to-morrow was unknown, and for the most part unknowable, like the selves of other men, all swept forward together in the multiple mystery of life.

Such a casual inspection of consciousness might have discouraged the attempts of the stoutest philosopher to impose upon the race a reasonableness

and a simplicity which were altogether lacking in himself. Yet somehow the early rationalists managed to avoid such an acquaintance with their own complex selves as would have brought confusion to their teaching; and on this account their appeals to reason have all the marks of a fervid and sincere faith. But to-day this possibility of self-delusion is gone; psychology has revealed what a little careful introspection might have made plain at any time, and the "rational being" of yesterday has vanished.

But certainly it can not be said that the habits of thought and expression which were suited to the age of reason have likewise disappeared. The formalism of the old faith persists, though the spirit is long since departed. Could there be, then, any more sharply satiric proof of the irrationality of man than this: the intellectuals *know* now—as well as men can know anything—that the human being is largely a creature of instincts, sentiments, emotions, and yet they persist in appealing to him as a creature of reason, ready to think and to guide himself by thought. The person who admits that he knows very little, and acts most infrequently in accordance with the small knowledge which he has, can not well expect more than this of mankind in general; and consequently there must be some insincerity, even hypocrisy, in any too serious effort of his to rationalize the problems of life as they arise. Such a man goes on using the old technique because he knows no other; but this work of his, which might pass for rationalization in a rational world, is often nothing but the most futile sentimentalism.

For our own part, we feel that we, along with all the other professional desiccators of life, can profit very materially by facing the fact that most of our labours are carried forward in a vacuum. For instance, it relieves us of that responsibility for the conduct of the world's affairs which would rest very heavily upon us if we believed that our speculations were of momentous influence in the lives of men; and yet it does not altogether clear our minds of a certain belief in the validity of these speculations, and a persistent longing to see things done thus and so, for what we believe to be the general good. If we go right ahead, then, with our sentimental appeal to reason, it is partly because it is our kind of fun, and partly because this sort of conscious make-believe can do no real harm, and may, in the course of an æon or so, accomplish some good.

CRAFORD ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

CRAFORD belongs to the younger generation but he is not a cynic. He has faith in progress, stability, and order. He believes that God's in His Heaven and that whatever is, is right—when viewed geologically. He does not wish to stand for ever pat, but takes for himself, as he once told me, a motto from one of the Popes (he can not remember which): "Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside." In brief, Cranford is a staunch little checker of the unthinking drift; and nothing, according to Cranford, needs such checking as the unthinking drift of the younger generation. Checking is not enough: it needs check-mating. The boys, for example—what kind of husbands and fathers and citizens will they make? They get to business at ten-thirty every morning and leave at four. Every evening they propel scented damsels about the floor of the Montmartre and the Ritz Crystal Room, and violate the country's laws by hip flask, retail. They week-end frivolously and strenuously from Friday to Monday. They take absolutely no interest in public affairs. Mr. Harding, to them, was only an opportunity to make election bets; as compared with the American League they regard the League of Nations as a bush league, class D. Babe Ruth means far more to them than does Senator Lodge. They dismiss the entire Red Peril with a random curse at Trotzky, that is, those of them who do not regard it as a

danger that Cincinnati might have won the pennant again. And worst of all, they are rude to their elders and are losing their respect for the sanctity of womanhood. Cranford is vigorous on this last subject and his not very original observations on it would do great credit to Dr. John Grier Hibben himself. As for the young girls—Cranford's opinion is one with the Reverend Roach Somebody's—I can never think of that gentleman's last name; such a hold does this Sloth Memory System get upon one with its association of ideas!

Of course, Cranford has always cherished very high ideals of womanhood. "Woman," he would often say after the fourth bacardi, "is the glory of the race, the golden chalice of religion and morality." His first religious and moral instruction came from his mother. She used to tell him stories from the Bible, a little embellished as to detail and dramatic personæ, but morally sound and glad, about once a week at his bedtime; and on Palm Sunday, when they were living in town, she would take him to St. Lazarus's, where he saw other parti-coloured, statuesque creatures—gowns by Wickson, hats by Rappé—like his mother.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that his first thorough education in ideal womanhood came to him at school—at St. John's, where they specialized in Christian gentility, and were inexorable respecters of womankind. Here Cranford discovered that there were two kinds of women: good women and bad women, or "unfortunate" women, as he learned to call them. Even among the technically good women, there were many who, as Cranford told me a certain Pope had once said—the same Pope once more, I suspect—were "rakes at heart." They were the kind who smoked in public, wore one-piece bathing-suits, brought thermos bottles full of cocktails to beach-picnics, told *risqué* stories, danced too close, and allowed themselves to be kissed without exacting a promise of marriage. It was a source of considerable disillusionment and worry to Cranford to find, when he started to attend the Junior League Dances and the Yale Fraternity Germans, that most of the young girls belonged to this dubious category of technical virtue and potential iniquity. St. John's had introduced him to the Southfield girl, the elder sister of the Girl Scout girl, the girl who ladled soup to truant urchins on Hester street twice a week, the girl of sweet, pure influence who talked confidentially about ideals and kept him from drinking ale at Mori's, the girl who played bridge for bric-a-brac and used a white lipstick. But when he got to college this type of girl—this Victorian hang-over—seemed to have vanished. He could not find her anywhere. Instead, there was only the post-armistice girl, the adolescent female contradiction of the bourgeois virtues. She had a "line" that was racy and irreverent; she drank with the boys from form-fit flasks in the back of a limousine; there was always a strain of Fatima in her "Quelques Fleurs," and when she talked about sex it was not in terms of botany.

At first he was inclined to attribute this era of the flippant flapper to the decay of the chaperon, then to war-psychology, and finally to "the spirit of unrest," a phrase he used to cover a multitude of sins, including his own processes of thought. When Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" came out and the institution of "petting" was first exposed to the full horror of the fond mamma with her brood of "debs," and to the childless pre-McKinley patroness with her ruthless *lorquette*, Cranford wrote an indignant letter to his favourite weekly, saying that for all the unpleasant innuendos of this decadent young man he could assure a scandalized society that "there are some gentlemen left in the world." After I had complimented him on the tone and fine feeling he had expressed in his letter, however, he confided to me that he suspected that the practice of "petting" was in fact rather more general than he thought it wise to admit in print; and that, although he had never kissed a girl, he had had many an opportunity.

I asked Cranford once if he thought that the decline of religion had much to do with this *débâcle* of youth, and he admitted that it probably had. He pointed out that all the young girls nowadays were on the links on Sundays; and by no legitimate stretch of the imagination could bunkers and pond-hazards be construed as being among God's first temples. Not that Cranford was a strict religionist. He thought that a man need not go to church at all, in fact, but could pray in his own closet, if he was so minded. But women were the foundation-stones of the home, Cranford said, and it looked well to see them in church on Sunday. It was a good example to the children and the labouring-classes; it showed respect for the feelings of older people. What would become of the Church, Cranford used to ask, if only the childish and the senile supported it? Of course, Cranford admitted that many

of the clergy were prone to narrow-mindedness on the subject of rum and dancing, but he hoped that they would concentrate their attention once more on "general morality," and upon the interpretation of those Biblical texts that are too obscure for the laity.

I will not say that Cranford has an answer for this problem of the younger generation. It is difficult to persuade him to be specific. He is always ready to impress me with his disbelief in nostrums and patent-medicines. But if you catch the spirit of his idea, it is a great deal like the idea that was lately evolved by the brain of our President-elect, a return to "normalcy." Cranford is strongly in favour of the younger generation returning to "normalcy." Away with the spangles and on with the gingham! Away with the shimmy and on with the two-step, or, at most, the fox-trot. Away with all fads and fancies: feminism, Yogi exercise, Armenian relief, birth-control, Swedish movement, paper-bag cooking, bolshevism, cubism, *vers libre*, nut diet, spirit-rapping, ghost-heckling, and all the appurtenances of Ouijaboredom. And perhaps his Unconscious, squirming with complexes, whispers: Back to alchemy, ordeal by fire, and the Salem witches!

Cranford, however, does not like abstractions and symbolisms like this. He has a deep sense of the sins of our wastrel younger generation, but he can not divine the future. It troubles him to see them thus on uncharted seas—without a Sky Pilot, without the customary pillars of parental rectitude, without a decent regard for the ancestral folk-ways; and so, in his mental dilemma, he, too, falls back on some convenient short-circuit to thought—like normalcy.

EDWARD E. PARAMORE, jun.

ILLUSIONS OF THE SOPHISTICATED.

IF one wished to prove the soundness of the instincts of the ordinary man, one might do it most neatly, not by pointing out his virtues and general level-headedness, but rather by revealing the *naïvetés* of his betters. For, in truth, it is oftener the sophisticated, the intellectual, and the highly educated who is the victim of illusion than it is the everyday man of little or no schooling—the sophisticated are merely more ingenious in disguising the fact. Thus, to be specific, one might take as a concrete example of *naïveté* on the part of those who most pride themselves in their lack of it, the fact that the sophisticated always welcome with ill-concealed delight the downfall of the charlatans and mountebanks who dabble in mysticism of psychic phenomena. Precisely what is the flavour of the enjoyment they feel when the tricks of "mediums" are unmasked? Usually their explanation is that the exposure of intellectual dishonesty—when it is no worse than that—is of itself a guarantee of a wholesome desire to cherish intellectual integrity. This is true enough, as far as it goes. But this is not the whole reason for the educated man's delight in such exposures, nor in the final analysis, the primary one; and just so far as the sophisticated person really imagines it to be the whole reason, he is as naïve as the gullible soul he is "showing up."

Untrained, with no scientific discipline, without perhaps a high degree of intelligence, the ordinary man rushes in where many a philosophical angel fears to tread—often, indeed, denies there is any such place to rush to. The field of mysticism, the field of the miasmatic and the unknown (in the common sense of the word), is a field extraordinarily resistible to the ordinary rationalistic methodology. Its concepts are much vaguer than the concepts of the objective world of observable fact, or at least they appear to be so. Its values seem to have no place in the hierarchy of the ethical scheme evolved by the alertly logical intellect. Consequently the sophisticated person denies the relevancy of any discussion of this field, and he points to the charlatan as a confirmation of this judgment.

What has happened, of course, is that a certain field of discussion has been declared closed, not because it may not exist, but because exact and intelligible ex-

ploration of it is so unusually difficult. The ordinary man, blissfully unaware of the severe discipline required even to survey the objective, observable world rationally, has none of the sophisticated person's qualms or fears. He has the courage of his lack of training. He dabbles in what is usually called spiritualism, because his interests lead him there. That he is bound sooner or later to make something of a fool of himself in his quest does not discourage him. The intellectual it does discourage—or rather, frighten. The intellectual is often tired after a rational survey of the observable world; he finds that world hard enough to be intellectually honest with; he seldom sighs for new worlds to conquer. Thus he usually welcomes those who, when they go outside the ordinary plane of rational inquiry, by their blunders and ineptitudes apparently prove that no other than the ordinary plane has meaning.

This is an illusion, of course, the joint product of intellectual weariness and cowardice, and it is here that the dialectical geniuses of the East can teach us a wholesome lesson. For in its best estate, Eastern philosophy does not shrink before these new difficulties; it applies the logical process still more rigorously to them. Too often your Western-minded, determinedly objective and rationally purposeful thinker, will at that point where reason needs to be applied more rather than less, simply deny the relevancy to the discussion of reason at all. He will deliberately put it outside rationalistic controversy; for the sophisticated person is really afraid that further rigorous, logical and rational exploration may show that all his previous concepts are on a false basis. Something of this sort has happened in the realm of higher mathematics. The present concept of infinity, for instance, to a certain extent corrects and to a certain extent modifies the earlier and more simple mathematical concepts, which, for most practical purposes, were adequate. Non-Euclidean geometry, for a further instance, means nothing in the world of affairs, yet ultimately it may radically modify the whole methodology of formulæ, to the advantage of certain of the more complicated higher sciences. This goes to show that these new concepts were achieved, not by the abandonment of the rational methodology that created the earlier and more naïve concepts, but by the extension and intensification of this same methodology. The sophisticated who laugh at the ordinary man dabbling in spiritualism are like the high school teacher of algebra laughing at the *Principia Mathematica* of Mr. Bertrand Russell. They do not see it, for the people they laugh at are simple, eager souls for the most part; but if they had a few highly disciplined Eastern dialecticians for their opponents, they might laugh, as the saying has it, on the other side of their face.

Another illusion of the sophisticated springs from a lack of historical perspective, and is, after all, a rather gracious one. If one surveys the record of Western man, say from 1500 or 1000 B. C. to the present time, it becomes apparent that those periods in which art has truly flourished—those happy conjunctions and harmonious interplay of men's emotions and instincts with their environment—are but brief interludes in a ceaseless flow of bloodshed, intolerance, and ignorance. Except for the lucky few caught in the right generations, most of us are doomed to live in fallow periods, periods that live on impassioned recollection of the past or rosy hopefulness about the future. In America of this generation we happen to be in a fallow period of the second sort, and it is reasonable to suppose that this eminently unsatisfactory condition may continue

for two or three generations to come. What we know as romantic Western Christianity is infallibly coming to an end, and there are few civilized men to watch its demise with regret. Yet the will to discover the best is strong in all of us, and in the sophisticated this will is always manifest in an exaggerated emphasis upon the importance of art.

Now art, of course, is important, but it is never important when it is taken in an important way. Art is important as a fact—as distinguished from a recollection or a hope—only when it is unconscious, that is to say, spontaneous. But art is seldom spontaneous when people talk about it; it is spontaneous when people live it—when the expression of happy life flows without let or hindrance into song or poetry or music or painting or sculpture. It is a pæan of accomplishment, as a man whistles when he is well content with the things of this world. It is the sign of a happy marriage between instinct and instinct's object. When it exists, it does not require discussion; it incites enjoyment. Like love and pleasure and the amenities of life, it is a by-product. It is a symbol of success.

The *naïveté* of the sophisticated is strikingly revealed in their exaggerated emphasis upon æsthetic values. They do not want to face the hard, unpleasant facts—that the period in which they happen to be living is ugly and balked. Their method of escape is the simple one of talking much about beauty. Of course, there is a certain charm in this; the wan vitality of tradition may be reflected in ancient cathedrals and noble, antiquated poems. The timelessness of classic forms can always be reaffirmed, and to some extent the old emotions may be rekindled. But the emotional satisfactions of feeding upon tradition are like thin tapers of light compared with the sunshine of creative living, to which art is a musical accompaniment. There is dignity and some pathos in the situation of the cultured and civilized, caught, as they are, in a crude era of the modern machine organization and slave State. There is, too, illusion—the old illusion that the stuff of our dreams may soften the outlines of reality, may capture glamour just as the hunter traps birds. Yet before the inexorable facts of life the illusion, for all its kindness and generous warmth, seems wholly naïve.

Closely connected with this self-deception about art, are the more conventional self-deceptions about progress and democracy. In these two instances the influence of social custom and structure is so subtle and persuasive that even to raise the question has in most quarters the flavour of heresy. Professor George Santayana has shown, in an admirable essay in his latest book, "Character and Opinion in the United States," how even so independent and fearless a mind as that of William James could not escape the *milieu* of Cambridge and America: "He seems to have felt sure," says Professor Santayana, "that certain thoughts and hopes—those familiar to a liberal Protestantism—were every man's true friends in life. This assumption would have been hard to defend if he or those habitually addressed had ever questioned it; yet his whole argument for voluntarily cultivating these beliefs rests on this assumption, that they are beneficent." Yet of all the illusions which revolt the soul, the illusion of progress is the most trying, the illusion that mere chronology in time works automatically towards moral ends. This teleological superstition has been scorned by real thinkers in every age and in every country; that it happens to exist to-day, with more social compulsion than ever before, means merely that the real thinker is having a more difficult time of

it. Indeed, his energies are almost wholly concerned in fighting a useless battle, for it is the sophisticated people, who are naturally his audience and his supporters, that cherish this illusion most strongly. The plain man often has his doubts about progress; frequently he is more of a genuine sceptic than are the educated.

Similarly with democracy, the illusion has social sanctions which are very difficult to resist. One has to be on one's guard here about definitions. As one understands democracy, one is a democrat; one believes in equality. But, in the words of Aristotle, "equality is just—but only between equals." The current theory of democracy, that the decision of fifty-one per cent has a sovereign virtue, must be rejected utterly. The notion that sovereignty, in the final analysis, rests anywhere but in individual volition, openly and freely arrived at; that government or the State or the Church or any other abstract institution has any final authority, that it has any other function than one of convenience, is as great a superstition as that of the divine right of kings. Yet one can search the highways and the by-ways before one can find the sophisticated person to agree with this.

HAROLD STEARNS.

THE NEW COCKPIT OF EUROPE

THE partition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, rather than the trimming of a few provinces from Germany, was the masterpiece of the Paris Conference. The Treaties of Saint Germain and Le Trianon broke up not only a political system that, under one form or another, had lasted for centuries, but also a framework that had in large measure determined the economic development of Central Europe since the beginnings of modern capitalism. The "settlement" achieved in 1919 was, of course, no settlement at all, but the clumsiest of vindictive partitions. It ignored equally national boundaries, economic connexions and historic traditions. The spoils went to the victors and their protégés, but they were divided upon no principle discoverable in the Fourteen Points, or anywhere else. The result has been to create an economic wilderness and a political jumble of contending States. No possible equilibrium is discernible yet. It may well be that none is possible unless by the reconstitution in some other guise (of Danubian Federation or what not) of the old Habsburg Empire that the Big Three so triumphantly abolished.

Three main sets of forces are at work to-day in the Danube lands moulding their politics. There is the centripetal tendency at work in all the "succession States," tending to a reconstruction, in a new form, of the old system. There is the centrifugal force—the jar of racial antipathy and national aspiration between the various states. And there is the class-struggle running through them all—its most marked form at the moment being the strong monarchist reaction which holds power in Austria and in Hungary, and which links with the kindred movement in Southern Germany. That third force is far more powerful than most people either in America or England have begun to realize. The Austrian elections should have been a warning. The strange conflict now raging in Budapest should be another. The monarchist plot is the key to events in Bavaria.

The plan of the monarchists is to restore the Habsburg dynasty in Austria and in Hungary, to recover Slovakia and Ruthenia from the Czechs,

Transylvania from the Rumanians, restore simultaneously the House of Wittelsbach to the throne of Bavaria, and so to form a chain of monarchical, clerical, reactionary States across the centre of Europe—a kind of horizontal "barrier against Bolshevism." For on the north, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia—and even Poland; on the south, Italy and Jugoslavia, are all suspect States—States that might at any moment "go red," or, at any rate, pink.

In Hungary, the Horthy regime is but a prelude to monarchy. MM. Huszar and Beniczky have already gone on a mission to the ex-Emperor Charles at his castle at Prangins in Switzerland. They and their clerical colleague, M. Szmezsanyi, have invited Charles to assume the Hungarian crown and to renounce his other claims. But the ex-Emperor is unwilling to return until he can be certain of Austria as well as Hungary, and until he is assured that the Entente would not interfere.

Since that offer was made, several important developments have taken place. The Austrian elections have driven the Social Democrats from office and have concentrated power in the hands of the Christian Socialists—who are not noticeably Christian and not in the least Socialist, but very definitely monarchist. That is a distinct gain for the plotters: but meanwhile their party in Hungary has divided violently against itself. The exact nature of the quarrel between the "Awakening Magyars" under M. Lukasich and the Horthy regime is not entirely clear. Both are starkly reactionary, both are terrorist, both are monarchist. The "Awakening Magyars" accuse Admiral Horthy of establishing a personal despotism. They seem to want the immediate restoration of Karl. But whether they are prepared to assent to reunion with Austria as the price of Karl's mounting the throne is not quite clear.

But an earlier—and heavier—blow has been the collapse of M. Palæologue's policy and his retirement from the French Foreign Ministry. M. Palæologue—who was ambassador in Petrograd under the old regime—had been placed in power by M. Millerand to carry out a new Central European policy, which led France into close co-operation with the monarchist intrigues. The central feature of the policy was to be the conversion of Hungary into a French sphere of influence. The Hungarian railways were to be leased for fifty years to a syndicate of French banks, and there were to be other big concessions. In return, France would secure the retrocession to Hungary of much of the territory taken from her by the Treaty of Le Trianon. France would give assistance in the reorganization and re-equipment of the Hungarian army. And Hungary would place her army at the disposal of France for use against the Russian Republic. That policy meant entanglement in the monarchist intrigue right across Central Europe. But that, in the eyes of M. Millerand and M. Palæologue, was scarcely in its disfavour. The present rulers of the French Republic have a distinct liking for monarchies. Moreover, the "horizontal barrier against Bolshevism" was a thoroughly attractive notion. And so too was the idea of a monarchist revolution in Bavaria: for that would inevitably mean a break-up of Germany; and to achieve the break-up of Germany is the ambition of every French diplomatist. M. Palæologue, supported by M. Millerand, therefore plunged gaily into this new policy without—as far as one can see—in the least foreseeing the mess in which it would land him. And for a little while all went well.

Then the trouble began. England began to kick at the idea of French control of the Hungarian railways, hinted that it was a breach of the treaty of Le Trianon, insisted that all dealings with Hungarian State property must be brought before the reparations commission. So strong was the opposition from London that the railway concession had to be abandoned.

Simultaneously, the "succession States" took fright at the prospect of a Hungarian reconquest of Slovakia, of the Banat and of Transylvania. The "Little Entente" of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Rumania came into being. Primarily it is an association for the conservation of plunder. The treaty between the two Slav States is expressly one of defence against any attempt of Hungary to recover her lost provinces. Rumania has not signed such a treaty, but she already has an understanding to the same effect.

M. Palæologue met the formation of the Little Entente by an extraordinary move. He tried to draw the three component States into his own system. He proposed an alliance of Poland and Hungary with Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia—an alliance whose primary purpose should be to resist a hypothetical Bolshevik onset. It was a vain scheme. Admiral Horthy hates Bolshevism as the devil hates holy water; but his main purpose is to recover his lost provinces. And, while that bone of contention remains, any understanding between him and his neighbours is entirely out of the question. Little less fantastic was the plan of an entente between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia—for neither side has forgiven the partition of Teschen. As to a grand alliance against Russia—not one of the Governments of the Little Entente would dare to move a soldier against the Socialist Republic. To do so would be to challenge—and quite probably to bring about—revolution at home. And so the wonderful scheme of M. Palæologue went up in smoke and M. Palæologue fell. Under the guidance of his successor, M. Berthelot, France's patronage of the reaction in Central Europe, has become far less vigorous.

But the general plan of the Palæologue policy has by no means been abandoned. It is indeed M. Millerand's own personal contribution to French statecraft: and as President of France, M. Millerand is still the controller of his country's foreign policy.

So, at the moment, the situation rests. The Hungarian monarchists are fighting among themselves. In Austria the reaction is consolidating its newly won power and considering in what manner to use it. In Bavaria a military *coup* is preparing which is designed to put Prince Rupprecht on the throne at Munich. Behind it all is the hand of the French Government. Over against these reactionary plottings are the forces of the Little Entente. Their chief link is the common possession of ill-gotten gains. Of the three Governments only that of Czecho-Slovakia is genuinely opposed to a monarchist reaction in the Danube valley. But the others, in their own interest, will oppose it. So it is that along all the frontiers that run netwise across the lands that once were Austria Hungary, armies are watching each other jealously. In all the capitals of the succession States, diplomatists are weaving intrigues and combinations and alliances against the day of a new war. And in his Swiss refuge, the exiled Habsburg is waiting and watching his opportunities.

W. N. EWER.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A CITY-STATE.

ONE of the most peculiar makeshifts emerging out of the multifarious labours of the Paris peace conference is the Free and Hanseatic City of Danzig, which now stands ready to assume its place among the nations as a semi-independent State under the special protection of the League of Nations. Like everything else, however, makeshifts may be viewed in various lights. No matter how objectionable they may seem in principle, they often possess an experimental value not attaching to the ideal solution. Experiment being the very life-breath of progress, one has to be tolerant toward anything that favours a development along lines heretofore untried. Danzig as a practical proposition may or may not prove a failure. As a novelty in political organization it bids fair to prove not only interesting but instructive.

The intrinsically anomalous position of the new State would suffice in itself to attract sympathetic or cynical attention, as the beholder happens to be inclined. Torn by the Treaty of Versailles from its natural German connexions, augmented by a certain amount of adjacent territory, restored to its old dignity of a "free" city, and having its new freedom placed under the particular guarantee of the League of Nations, it finds itself nevertheless within the Polish customs-frontiers and represented in all its foreign relations by the Polish Government. Furthermore, as far as railway and river traffic or trans-urban telegraph and telephone service are concerned, its position is that of a mere terminus on various lines of communications under the complete control of Poland. Finally, Poland has the right to use and develop any port facilities that may be deemed essential to its import and export trade. Such a relationship must inevitably lead to disputes, and the settlement of these will primarily fall on the resident High Commissioner appointed by the League of Nations. He will have to be a new Solomon when the President of the Danzig Senate and the Polish Commissioner-General appear as chief contenders before his seat of justice. The unfortunate thing is that his success or failure may be held a test of the feasibility of the League itself, while, as a fact, that body will merely be an unwilling victim of the compromises forced on the Paris conference.

And now the good citizens of Danzig have added to the complexity of the situation by adopting a Constitution that ranks high among the many remarkable documents that have come out of the present world chaos; and is rendered even more noteworthy by the circumstances of its adoption. It was drafted by a Constituent Assembly of 120 elected last May on a basis of universal suffrage. This body consisted of sixty-three Conservatives and Moderates, ten Liberals, fifty Socialists, and seven Poles. Its election marked a sharp swing from Socialism to German Nationalism, two-thirds of the Poles keeping away entirely, and its temper was on the whole conservative. Yet the document finally adopted by a vote of sixty-eight Conservatives and Liberals to forty-four Socialists and Poles would undoubtedly in this country be held dangerously radical.

The administrative and legislative machinery established by the Constitution adds to the general impression of peculiarity. The basic institution, representing primarily the sovereign power explicitly lodged in the people, is a Popular Assembly of 120—in a State of fewer than 300,000 inhabitants—elected proportionally by universal suffrage. This body elects a president and a vice-president whose powers, on the whole, are merely those of presiding officers. The next function of the Assembly, and perhaps its most important one, is to elect a Senate consisting of a president, a vice-president and twenty members. Seven senators and the president are elected for terms of twelve years and can be removed only by judicial proceedings conducted by the Assembly. They form the Main Standing Committee; are not permitted to hold any other office or to engage in private business without the consent of the entire Senate; and are paid accordingly. The remaining thirteen senators and the

vice president are elected for indefinite periods, but are subject to recall at any time by a mere vote of lack of confidence on the part of the Assembly. Their duties are not quite clearly defined, but they appear to serve as a sort of advisory body.

The Senate is declared to be "the highest authority in the land." It "shall direct the policy of the Government and be responsible for it to the Popular Assembly." It has the right of pardon. And it "shall represent the Free and Hanseatic City of Danzig in its external relations." The Senate, according to the Constitution, must "be invited to be present at every meeting of the Popular Assembly," which also, in a body or through one of its committees, may demand the presence of any member of the Senate. As a rule, it may be said that the functions of the Senate are executive, while those of the Assembly are supervisory. Thus the latter body may at any time appoint a Committee of Inquiry to investigate "the propriety of any governmental or administrative measure," but this committee must not "interfere in legal or disciplinary proceedings which are still pending."

The legislative work is nevertheless shared by the Assembly and the Senate, but in a manner that removes from the latter body any chance of vetoing the will of the more representative chamber. Concurrence of both bodies is required for the passing of a bill, but if the Senate fails to give such concurrence within two weeks, the bill goes back to the Assembly. If passed there once more, and apparently by a majority vote only, the Senate has either to accept the bill as law within one month or submit it to the people for a referendum.

The provision for the inauguration of legislative measures is especially noteworthy. As far as the letter of the Constitution goes, the Assembly appears to have no right to propose any such measures, although one article speaks of "amendments to the Constitution emanating from the Assembly." On the other hand, the Constitution says in so many words that "bills shall be introduced by the Senate or by legally constituted bodies representing the various professions and trades." In other words, professional organizations, trade unions and workmen's councils have a right which seems denied to the Assembly itself. The Constitution prescribes furthermore that "bills dealing with economic or social questions shall be submitted to these bodies for their approval."

This is probably the first recognition outside of Russia of occupational representation as a part of the regular political machinery, exercising power not only within a certain industry, but in regard to general legislation and other public measures. Furthermore, this recognition is not merely permissive, but mandatory. Article 114 of the Constitution says that "Workers and employees shall establish from amongst their number, separate Trades Councils for workmen and employees. These shall enjoy equal standing, and shall co-operate with the employers in the regulation of questions concerning pay and labour conditions. The organizations of both sides and their mutual agreements shall be recognized." Finally, this recognition extends to public servants, articles 92-94 reading as follows:

Officials are servants of the community and not of a party. Freedom of political opinion and freedom of association shall be assured them. They shall not be subjected to any restriction in this regard.

The officials shall have their own representation in accordance with more detailed provisions to be determined by law.

Teachers of both sexes in the State schools shall be direct officials of the State.

This tendency to accept the new importance of occupational, as opposed to geographical, community of interest finds other notable expressions. Thus, for instance, while the Senate is entrusted with the preparation of the budget and is charged with the administration of the revenues and properties of the State, there is, besides, a Financial Council, the composition and procedure of which are to be determined by special legislation. The approval of this body is required for: (1) fresh taxation, (2) the issuing of loans and the acceptance of securities, (3) any expenditure not covered by appropriation, (4) all

expenditures to be covered by loans. The Constitution says quaintly that, if the Financial Council should notify the Senate of its disapproval of any measure along the lines enumerated above, "the Popular Assembly shall then take a fresh decision."

The intention is unmistakable. The Financial Council possesses no right of veto. No more do the "bodies representing the various professions and trades" when a bill is submitted for their approval. All the Assembly has to do is to repeat its previous vote. The Constitution relies entirely on two factors: publicity and the influence on the legislators of representative expert opinion. In practice, this reliance may prove misplaced. In principle it is correct, as otherwise the Constitution would set up two rival embodiments of ultimate authority.

The same ideas recur in the provisions made for the selection of judges, which represent a new form of compromise between executive appointment and popular election. All judges are to be chosen for life by a special commission made up of the President and one member of the Senate, the presiding officers of the Assembly, the president of the Supreme Court, three judges elected by "the whole body of Judges," and two lawyers delegated for the purpose by "the whole body of advocates of the Free and Hanseatic City of Danzig."

All this machinery is provided by the first part of the Constitution, which is headed "Organization of the State." Then there is a second part, headed "Fundamental Rights and Duties," which is a sort of Magna Charta for the citizens. It contains a number of noteworthy features. As a rule, they are not original, but they represent in a striking way the progressive thought of our day, and it is rare to find them expressly embodied in such a document. The most remarkable thing about them, however, is that they represent the opinion of the Conservative element among the Danzig electorate. One can not help wondering what the Radical proposals were like.

Full equality between the sexes, both as to rights and duties, is firmly established. All privileges based on birth, position or creed are abolished. No titles are allowed except those connected with academic degrees. Titles of nobility are regarded as parts of the family name—which, doubtless, means that they will linger. Orders and decorations may be awarded, but no Danziger may accept any such gewgaws from outside sources.

Marriage is declared to be the foundation of family life, and as such under the special protection of the State, but "it shall be based on the principle of equal rights for both sexes." Compensatory support is promised for large families, and similar support may be claimed for all motherhood. The education of the children is "the highest duty and natural right of parents," but "the State shall supervise the execution of these duties." Legislation must be enacted to prevent any discrimination against children born out of wedlock.

The free teaching of arts and sciences is guaranteed. Education is compulsory and practically free. Stringent rules are prescribed against the old Prussian system of different educations for the rich and the poor. Everything starts from a primary school common to all children, without regard to the rank, wealth or occupation of their parents. "In receiving a child into any particular school," says the Constitution, "consideration shall be paid to the disposition and inclination of the child as well as to the wishes of its parents or guardians, and not to the economic or social position of its parents." Free tuition and materials are to be provided for gifted children of poor parents in secondary and advanced schools and universities. Private schools are permitted only under close State supervision and "when a division of pupils according to the wealth of their parents is not thereby encouraged." Provision is also made for the acquisition of existing private schools by the State. Finally, in accordance with the respect for occupational autonomy shown in other fields, the Constitution declares that all legislation concerning school administration "shall be drafted in co-operation with the existing organizations of the teaching profession."

The section dealing with the economic life of the State is remarkable chiefly for certain clauses dealing with the land and meant to make the acquisition or maintenance of large landed estates impossible. "The soil and natural resources," says the Constitution, "shall be placed under legislation which shall prevent all misuse, and which shall enable every family of the Free Hanseatic City to obtain a homestead, or, if suitably trained, a farm permanently secured to meet their needs." Still more significant and far-reaching is this clause; "The unearned increment which arises from landed property without any expenditure of labour or capital shall be applied to the use of the community." Another paragraph enables the State to acquire any private industrial undertaking and transfer it to public ownership, "in so far as the public welfare may demand."

Taking it all in all, this document embodying the effort of the citizens of the new city-State to govern themselves under the protection of the League of Nations as agent for the civilized world is a sign of the times not to be easily dismissed, and if it gets a fair chance of operation, the lesson derived from it should be profitable to all mankind. As the product of popular opinion in a district so closely connected with German junkerdom, it might particularly be studied by junker elements in other countries.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

VI. THE WIVES OF HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS.

ATHENIAN gentlemen of the great period were hen-pecked husbands. The chorus in the tragedies of Euripides will explain all.

This word "chorus" has done so much damage in the history of the classics that a reader of Euripides in particular should be on his guard when he encounters it. The trouble goes back to Aristotle, who has wrought more intellectual mischief than all the other Doctor Dryasdusts taken together. He remains the McChoakum-child of dramatic criticism and he is still doing to Greek tragedy what he did to anatomy once upon a time long, long ago. But in the anatomical world there arose at last a man named Vesalius who insisted that anatomy was on the wrong track. It ought, he said, to be lifted out of the rut into which that fellow Aristotle had got it. So Vesalius got hold of some cadavers and dissected them. Such, he insisted, was the right way to study anatomy. Of course, the uproar among the professors of those times was deafening. They reiterated that the one and only way to learn anatomy was to read Aristotle. In the end Vesalius had to leave town hastily by night—but he did manage to establish a science of anatomy.

Greek tragedy to-day is in precisely the same position that anatomy was in when Vesalius began to dissect. Hard and heavy lies the hand of Aristotle on the dramatic literature of the ancient Greeks, and behind him stand the German professors and the British pedants with their prologues and their stasimons and their episodes and their words, words, words. These things are an obsession, but the prevailing conception of the chorus is positively paranoiac. The wonder is that anybody studies Greek at all any more. Euripides is the worst sufferer from all this because his effects are the most beautiful. He ought to have foreseen Aristotle, perhaps, but he could not have foreseen the influence of Aristotle and of the Alexandrian scholiasts upon Wecklein and Schmidt, upon Kirchhoff and Gilbert Murray. Euripides would not know his own Iphigenia if he were assured by Doctor Dryasdust that in her critical hour "the chorus entered the orchestra" and there allowed themselves the luxury of a "parodos." Polyxena was worried about her mother and was well aware of the importance of the lady friends she had made in her own city, but she must have stared at those pedantic allusions to a "chorus" and an orchestra. Even so brilliant a scholar as Verrall can say of the "chorus" that "theatrical usage required their presence throughout the piece"

and hence it was "practically convenient" that they should look on as neutrals while a child was stabbed to death or a mother hanged herself.

So the hen-pecked husbands in Euripides are either unsuspected or misunderstood by all of us. Never were husbands so hen-pecked as were Agamemnon, Menelaus, Theseus, Cadmus and the rest. These men did not dare, when they were at home, to have a will of their own. The modern American husband dwells in a paradise by comparison. These Greek husbands knew that if they asserted themselves at home there would be murder in the family—literally—if not suicide or a conflagration. We have all heard about the domestic difficulties of Socrates but it seems that he really had a pleasant time of it when his lot is contrasted with that of the hero of a Euripidean tragedy—if the hero chances to be Greek. This truth is clearly brought out through the medium of a study of the wives of the period in such plays as the "Bacchantes" and the "Hippolytus"—to take one or two at haphazard.

The hen-pecked husband was kept in his place by that sisterhood of wives which Euripides makes it his business to expose so remorselessly. This solidarity of the wives in nearly all the plays of Euripides—and his reputation as an interpreter of women is justified—disposes of the delusion that women are less capable than men of associated effort. The women—whether they were Corinthian ladies, Troezenian ladies or ladies in the clutches of licentious soldiers—never considered any dispute involving a husband and his wife on its merits. They were always and inevitably on the side of the wife because for them there could be no two sides to the case. The husband, in any domestic misadventure, was actually or potentially in rebellion against that hen-pecking sorority. All unmarried young ladies were reared with the expectation that each would be called upon in due time to hen-peck a husband of her own. Iphigenia knew all about it. Those Greek women handed down from one generation to another their art of keeping the husband where he belonged. Their training was so thorough that though they found themselves captives in Egypt, Greek maidens lent themselves readily to the purposes of a married woman when she undertook, as in the "Helena," to fill her husband's head with a pack of lies. Such lies as Euripides does put into the mouths of those women! They stick at nothing to be of assistance to his heroine in her impostures, in her thefts, in her intrigues, in her murders.

The ladies are all exceedingly sorry when murder happens to be in prospect and they say so in the most beautiful Greek, illustrating their point by means of references to ladies who committed murder in days past and gone—all to the bewilderment of the professors, who never suspect what it means. This detail always renders their explanatory notes on a Greek play excruciatingly funny, but it is a humour to which one must have a key. The wives of hen-pecked husbands, when Euripides introduces us to them, are full of reminiscences on the subject of domestic trouble, on the subject of bringing up children, and on the subject of scandal; indeed some of the scandal is so old that Doctor Dryasdust mistakes it for mythology. These ladies are rich in precepts which, in application, will keep the most rebellious husband under his wife's thumb. The ladies are, in a word, always relevant but the college professors deny it. They think the ladies irrelevant. These pedants do not marry Greek heroines or they would understand that when Corinthian ladies of old, heard of discord in a family, they left everything—the dinner, the babies, whatever it was—to find out all about it. They formed a vigilance committee on the track of the rebellious husband. In the "Hippolytus" we find the ladies leaving their soiled clothes on wash-day because a whisper has reached them of a sentimental complication in the household of Theseus. They were afraid he might be running after a new flame. Never would it have occurred to them that this was none of their business.

The tragedy of the hen-pecked husband is more poignant

in the "Medea" than in any other of the plays of Euripides. In the "Medea" he essays to reveal the lengths to which these Greek women would go in defence of the principle of domestic autocracy as exercised by themselves. Medea is no Greek woman, either. She is a witch, a sorceress, a gypsy, let us say. She had for years devoted herself to Jason, with whom she had eloped after a series of crimes for his sake in which men, not women, by the way, were sacrificed; and now Jason has brought her to his own Greek environment. Medea, being a barbarian, was brought up where men are not hen-pecked, but she soon learns to appreciate the Greek feminine point of view. When the wives of other men come to her door to mind her business for her, she hesitates at first. She does not like to reveal how she had been betrayed. She was a dignified matron in middle life, beautiful, cultivated—a genius, no doubt. But being in Corinth she accepts the customs of the country and tells her neighbours whatever they want to know.

Medea and these ladies then proceed to exchange ideas on the subject of domestic difficulties with special reference to the management of a husband. A man, sighs Medea, can put on his hat and go out when he wants to escape a scene. A woman can not knock about like that. She can lie and steal and commit suicide and murder. But these things are not the whole art of managing a husband. It is an art which is quite beyond Medea by this time because her husband is already running after another woman. Medea finds herself in an impossible position. Alas! She is a barbarian. Jason is a Greek and she had thought him a perfect gentleman. It is not the fault of marriage. It is the fault of Jason. She will kill their children. She will slay that other woman. She will fly. Medea finds it the most natural thing in the world to expose the family scandal in this style. The ladies have come to talk scandal. The tragedy arises out of a scandal. The ladies are naturally delighted with the acuteness of Medea in seeing these things as they see them. The Corinthian dames never lose sight of the point. They perpetually champion the wife against the husband. They dwell upon the griefs of the married state, the anxiety caused by children. Medea says that she would rather thrice stand in the battle-line with a shield than bear a child once—and she has had two. She announces in due time her intention to end the whole thing by killing her children and Jason's. Of course she does not mind mentioning her plan to her Corinthian lady friends because she knows that they will not be indiscreet enough to drop a hint to Jason. They are all women together and Jason is in fact a married man, whatever he may be in the eyes of his new love. The ladies balk a little at the murder of the children although they have not the slightest objection to roasting the new love alive. If hen-pecked husbands undertake to throw off the yoke, they must be given an object lesson. But who goes there? A man. Hist, ladies! The enemy.

What a fool Medea makes of all those men and how she edifies the Corinthian matrons while doing so! One of her victims is poor old Creon, the ruler of Corinth, who understands the woman he has to deal with, but he does not understand her quite well enough. He permits her to stay on in Corinth when he really wanted her to pack up her things and get out at once. Thus unwittingly, he seals the doom of his child, the wretched girl who has become the love of Jason. These Corinthian women lurk and wait while Jason, too, is befooled with lies and woman's wiles. Medea tells him he is a lady-killer. He smirks. Medea has now only to send wedding gifts to that chit of a girl. The barbarian woman professes to accept the inevitable. She will abandon Jason to the hen-pecking of another.

The Corinthian dames talk it all over. They no longer cherish any hope for the lives of those poor children who are already set aside for death. As for the maid whom Jason meant to marry—she was roasted—roasted to a cinder. Isn't it too bad? But these women do wish that Medea would change her mind about the children.

They grieve with her because, after all, no woman likes to kill her own children. But as for pitying Jason? Bah! He has no case at all. Thus the ladies run on, upholding their system as they go in and out and about.

They are all on hand for the murders. The matrons must come to Medea's gate. She could be heard within. She fell upon the two little boys with a cutlass. She had borne those boys to Jason. What a shock it will be to him! Those ladies, listening at the front door, hear the screams. The children are begging their mother's mercy. Oh, heavens, oh, heavens! The Corinthian wives are yet wringing their hands. Aha! mister man, it serves you right! Jason dashes in. The maiden he had hoped to make his bride is past praying for, but he thinks he may yet be in time to save his children. The ladies at the gate tell him the worst. Too late! Jason does not dream of uttering one word of reproach. He understands their point of view. For their part, they have no idea that they comprise a chorus or that they are in an orchestra or that they must adjust themselves to the metrical exigencies of anything. They are wives of hen-pecked husbands—nothing more. Euripides on his side did not conceive himself to be doing anything "religious" when he wrote all this. The audience never supposed when it witnessed a performance of the "Medea" that it was doing anything but seeing a play set off by good music and filled with wonderful poetry—the upshot of it all being that all the married men present went home to mind their p's and q's.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

MISCELLANY.

I WONDER how many habitués of our Public Library have noticed the absence of B., the fat old gargoyle who used to bulk against the door and examine outgoing books in the intervals of congenial gossip? B. stood out among the other doorkeepers in the way that a wood carving, wormy and mellow with age, would stand out against a row of plaster statuettes. He was a man of somewhat anomalous distinction: his simple, massive head, his drooping jowls, and his portly façade gave him an air of almost senatorial dignity at the same time that his sly little blue eyes and his all too-ripe nose made him seem like the malicious caricature of some heavy-feeding, bibulous German abbot. One could fancy B. the keeper of a wine cellar more readily than as the custodian of books: but the latter position gave him the opportunity to savour the foibles of human nature and it was more in line with his pre-eminently sociable disposition.

B. was a connoisseur of human weakness. Filled with the milk of human kindness himself, his soul was nourished, not on that simple beverage, but on the part of human nature that had curdled a little and had acquired an odour—a rank, appetizing, after-dinner odour! Half an hour in B.'s company late in the afternoon—and one never really marked how the minutes lengthened—gave one a rogue's gallery impression of all the distinguished or non-descript people who passed in and out of the building. B.'s capacity for biography was terrifying: his memoirs could have blackened the character of a whole generation. He knew the details of the feuds that went on in the study-rooms; he was acquainted with the literary, financial, and marital affairs of a score of notable people; and he possessed an insight, by inference and observation, into family skeletons whose closets would scarcely have been opened to eyes less eager and inquisitive than B.'s. On duty, he had what seemed to me a deadly, experienced way of picking out such strays of the underworld as would venture into the Library on errands doubtfully legitimate: but he was a man of considerable intellectual latitude, and he never went out of his way to molest anyone whose behaviour remained reasonably unobtrusive and decorous. On the other hand, B. used to take, I think, a sharp delight in pouncing on rich kleptomaniacs caught surreptitiously removing books, and a person who incurred his antagonism through excessive holiness in speech or

character was likely to fare ill if he did not keep to the letter of each regulation.

LONG before the psychologists had begun to rate the intelligence of the mass of people at a sub-adult level, B. had by dint of personal observation concluded that imbecility was an unfailing attribute of even literate human beings. Five to ten thousand people streamed past him every day; they would ask him where the concert was to be held; they would inquire for the room clerk or the Pullman booking-office; and they would almost invariably go left when he had directed right, or upstairs when he had said down. His faith in human intelligence had been worn bare. At last he had achieved a weary resignation—and his voice had softened in the process and his manner had become painfully explicit—and it was only when he had sympathetic company that he could enjoy the little *Schadenfreude* that was left to one who stood by the Olympian portals and watched the pathetic human spectacle. His position had made him a sort of valet to the vulgar, and he suffered the severe disillusion that such intimacy carries with it. Inevitably B. was not a democrat: with a little blunter sense of perspective, or a little less indulgence, he might have been a Nietzschean.

B.'s wavering belief in human goodness was quite overthrown when President Wilson led us into the war. B. had voted for Woodrow, I believe, in the campaign of 1916, because "he had kept us out of war" and it went hard with him when he found that the country of his adoption had taken up arms against his Fatherland. For a time I attempted to ease the strain of B.'s isolation by speaking consolingly and confidentially to him in German—an act of foolhardiness about which I unfortunately have no regrets. My efforts, however, proved useless. The war and the prohibition wave conspired to break the Gargantuan old rascal up. He seemed to lose his taste for life. His cheeks grew lank, his mouth quivered, his blue uniform hung loosely, and the touch of his hand grew ever more clammy. In the end I observed that his eyes watered perpetually—perhaps in weakness, perhaps in sorrow. His face became a staring, solemn negation; his manner grew abstract; and his enjoyment of the misdeemeanours of the war profiteers was really negligible.

PEACE caused B. to revive a little, but this reaction was short-lived: I don't believe B. ever really recovered. His chance of rehabilitation was finally ruined by the work of the peace-makers of Versailles. One week in the spring I found B. missing from his post, and the weeks multiplied and his absence continued. Inquiries among the other doormen disclosed the fact that he was ill; and now I hear that he is dead. I wonder how many other habitués of the Library miss him as much as I do. He was like a rich old bottle of port in an age that has taken to aerated waters—and one loved him for the very cobwebs and mould that clung to the bottle.

Nor long ago I was told that some museum—I think it was the British Museum, but I am not sure—had refused to accept a valuable collection of old violins, saying that these instruments were made to be used, not looked at. It seems a very sensible point of view. Unless one be a connoisseur of such things, there is not much pleasure to be derived from merely looking at a violin reposing in a glass case. Indeed the practice of collecting violins has always seemed to me a peculiarly vicious one, first, because really good examples of the nearly lost art of violin-making are so rare nowadays that our younger violinists find it very hard to find suitable instruments to play on; and secondly, because violins need above all things to be used. For these reasons I am sorry to hear that the Partello collection of rare violins, which includes several of the finest Guarneri and Stradivari, has been left to the National Museum in Washington. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the directors of the museum will adopt the policy of the British Museum—if it was the British Museum—and refuse the bequest. If, however,

they decide to accept the collection, I should like to suggest that they devise some way in which the use of these instruments might be allowed to the best of our young violinists. Certainly some such disposal would be good for the violinists, the public, and for the instruments too; far better, at any rate, than what will otherwise be their fate—to lie for ever silent in glass cases and to be glanced at only occasionally by wanderers in the lost corridors of a museum.

It is, I think, an extremely tiresome thing as a general rule when people strain after discovering inner meanings, hidden interpretations, in any work of art; but if there ever was an excuse for such a course it is to be found in Mr. Eugene O'Neill's play, "Emperor Jones," which is now being presented by the Provincetown Players. How suggestive is the scene where the hunted Negro is made to stand in a supernatural slave-market, while a band of ghostly white people move silently to and fro, in shadowy suavity, buying and selling his tortured body. It will be a long time before I shall forget the haunting pathos of his appeal to these silent, preoccupied ghosts "White folks, white folks, what are you doing?" In that bewildered cry one seems to hear the voice of Africa sounding all over the world in desperate protest against her ancient tale of wrong. Here, surely, lies the deep significance of Mr. O'Neill's play! It pictures with almost startling freshness the immemorial tragedy of these black human beings who are like us, but yet not like us, and who remain generation after generation unable to remove the white man's yoke of injustice and cruelty which weighs so heavily upon them.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE INTENSIVE SHAKESPEARE.

JEERS may be shot at Germany's apparently presumptuous claims to *unser Shakespeare*. But if a true love of the poet, a love reverent and deeply-rooted in the hearts of the entire people, if constant exploitation of the plays and new experiments in production, if translations that pulsate with almost the power and beauty of the originals, give substance to her spiritual claim, something of that claim must be allowed. It is an anomaly, but no less a fact, that the greatest of English poets, neglected and eking out a spectral, semi-archæological, literary and tuitional existence in English-speaking countries, reigns—a monarch of poetry in his proper realm, the stage—in another tongue and another land.

An audacious experiment in the production of "Richard III" has just been made at the National Theatre in Berlin, under the initiative of its energetic new Director, Leopold Jessner, and his Master of Decorations, Emil Pirchan. Jessner has turned the stately and academic traditions of the former Theatre Royal inside out and let the winds of the revolution in art blow through the dusty flies. Besides which he is pinched by the lack of means and has made a virtue out of the rigid economy forced upon him.

Ring up the curtain on his new and astonishing production of "Richard III." This grim and gory old tragedy has undergone at his hands a strange stage-metamorphosis. We are confronted, sometimes affronted by an intensification of the play, by a new atmosphere and medium, based upon the dynamics of expressionistic art. The historical becomes abstract, the human focuses itself into the symbolic, the external world fades into an adumbration, space and the scene are reduced to the simplest common denominator. Costumes are resolved into masses of colour. Only the poetry, the characters and the passions remain active, but these with a treble, a tenfold force and meaning. It is indeed an expressionistic summary, but

also a compressionistic one. The forced essence, the quintessence of the play is the thing. This is activist, this is aggressive art.

In this new version, Richard, the black core of these many tortured and rudely-severed royal destinies, was acted by Fritz Kortner, a gifted young actor, one of Jessner's discoveries. He is one who seems born to the part, blest for all such high malefactor's rôles by virtue of his dark and mobile features which he is able to twist into masks of satanic evil, craft and ferocity—a visage out of Tartarus, brightened only by the malicious glint of basilisk eyes and a smile that seems like the reflex of lightning or the sheen of steel. Bareheaded, this Beelzebub limped through the play, clad in a black gaberdine, split at the sides, unredeemed by frill or ruff, a short dagger in his simple belt. And yet it was not merely villainy incarnate that Kortner expressed, but the dæmonic in the human, the relentless obsession, the implacable ambition bent upon realizing itself even though forced to mount rung by rung upon a ladder of corpses.

After Richard has spoken his famous prologue before the curtain, this sweeps aside. A high stone wall is revealed stretching across the entire stage—grey, lowering, dumb, pierced in its centre by a small portal. A second square wall, equally mute and brutal, rises above the first, its face set some distance back from the lower wall, giving a terrace for entrances *en haut*, as, for example, Richard's when communing with the priests, or for the nobles on their way to execution. Above this second wall, outlining it, glares a narrow framework of sky—crimson, alive with foreboding and imminent murder, the atmosphere of blood in which the whole drama is plunged, the threat of doom that encompasses and oppresses the puppets of the butcher Gloucester.

This bare wall which has, however, little in common with the naked emptiness and apologetic poverty of the archaic Shakespearean background, repels at first by the pitiless monotony with which our eyes are battered against it scene after scene, with only trifling variations of lighting or minor accessories. But this impregnable, unmoving background soon fixes our attention with the greater force and directness upon the intensified word and the accentuated action. The expressionism of the play forces its tribute from the increased impressionism of the audience. The grey-green wall becomes the world, a fragment of the cosmos, Fate itself, inalienable, eternal.

The royal women give their peculiar note of mourning to the drama. They impress us as Norns and sibyls, living monuments of sorrowing wifehood, motherhood and queenhood, upon whom recoils every blow dealt by the ruthless climber as he sweeps aside the human obstacles that block his path to the throne. These women are like figures out of some biblical tapestry—fates helpless in the snare of a super-fate hounded on by a Luciferian desire. Like a chorus they "blow the horrid deed in every eye"; their threnody went up like a tide of heart-racking poetry and swept across the audience. They wore voluminous black or purple robes devoid of all ornament; they became presences that gave this early tragedy of Shakespeare's something of the august and monumental calm of Æschylus.

Buckingham came striding grandly into the picture, a striking figure of great height, in a blue jerkin and loose hose tied at the ankles, wearing heavy shoes, bare-headed and bare-throated, a noble neck that prophesied the ax. His flaxen hair, save for one dangling Napoleonic lock, was streaked smoothly

aside; under it, like clean-cut marble, a face of the proudest aristocratic cast, a foil for the twisted Richard. Buckingham's movements and attitudes were strangely conventionalized and were dominated by a restrained athletic grace and by a statuesque immobility. Now his gestures became hieratic as when offering Richard the crown, now he made steps that seemed part of a solemn dance. The open-hearted Hastings was a wandering pyramid of warmish white, the man, though tall, almost overwhelmed by the tent-like mantle.

The *naïveté* of the play with its crude, blood-combined villain and his cynical and bombastic soliloquies, was augmented by the frequent use of prologues—some of them innovations built up on submerged texts of the play. In addition to Richard's opening lines, the dialogue of the murderers, the gossip of the burgesses, the lament of the scrivener and the epilogue of Richmond, were all given in the white misty funnel of the limelight on a small platform before the curtain.

The unbudging wall transformed itself into a dungeon in the Tower, into a tapestry-hung palace-wall, a street, a cloister, into the throne-room with a tall flight of red steps. Atop these, terrible and triumphant, Richard as King, invested in an enormous cloak of scarlet with a rude and ponderous crown upon his head, burned like Satan amidst a fanfare of trumpets. At his feet, broadening downward to right and left, with hands and faces buried in their vast red robes, crouched the figures of the nobles, like devotees prostrate before an idol. This scene was monumental and unforgettable and rooted up one's inmost emotions. And yet it was an un-Shakespearean liberty which the producer took with the poet, a setting Asiatic rather than English.

These red steps against the grey wall remained to the end. We accept them as a plain, as the royal tent and bed, as Bosworth Field. So fierce is the emphasis, the compulsion of suggestion through the word, the contrast of the action with its environment—so powerfully does it dominate the mere background that all incongruity pales.

Richard, shimmering in armour, slumbers in an eerie dimness upon the dark-red expanse of these steps, as in a bed. The spectres are to appear. But we are spared the usual procession of haggard ghastlinesses, the immemorial train of phantoms defiling in the crass, fluttering limelight. Instead of this we are given a masterpiece of the suggestion of the gruesome and the unearthly through sound. Through this haunted gloom there comes a low moaning, a whispering, a groaning, a gibbering, a whirring and a squeaking, cries, ejaculations, curses, direful oracular voices rolling out of another world, clanging chains, heavy footfalls, crashing, plangent, as of some doom advancing nearer and nearer—the whole a spookish symphony that rises and falls, swells and dwindles, a choral of damned, unhappy yet avenging spirits that curdles the blood and conjures up the Unimaginable. Appalling is this *crescendo* of the spectres, a sensation never to be forgotten.

The very colours, the white and the red of the dynasties, marshalled in groups and masses, battle with each other—as though in darkling forecast of the great antithesis of our modern world. The radiant Richmond, stern and serene as an archangel, dawns upon this summit of gloom and death. He is draped, like his men, in a billowing cloak of white—as opposed to the ominous scarlet of Richard and his followers.

"A horse! a horse!" Richard, stripped naked to the waist like a gladiator—what sword sheared off that coat of steel?—what if he should blast us with the aspect of his hump?—half-naked, I say, half-man, half-king—Richard comes staggering out upon the terrace above the lower wall, swinging his huge crown like a censer, in the mechanical rhythm of despair, lashed on by the last paroxysms of his Cæsarian mania, his iron will. He totters down those steps he mounted to power and glory, a bull gored and at bay; step by step he dances down, lower, nearer to the end that glares lividly on the upraised swords—at every step he seems to drip blood and hatred.

Never was the elemental in Shakespearean drama unloosed with weightier or stormier impact on an audience. Never was there a more intensive concentration of the actor in his act, the speaker in his phrase. Never, despite all flaws, were scenes composed with bolder or surer strokes or cast in greater heat and plasticity. Here dramatic relief merges into the monumental.

This almost fanatical striving for Spartan simplicity of means for the attainment of æsthetic ends, this horror of the merely decorative and the superficial, approaching almost to the point of barrenness, must be recognized as something new in the forms and media of the stage. I seem to hear—something like the fateful din of Jessner's ghosts—the fall of rhythmic hoofs which are destined to trample upon the old property-rooms, upon the rotting canvas and paste-board glories, upon tattered stencils and traditions, so that the dust and the moths go up in clouds—the intensive, purified, expressionistic drama.

A horse! a horse!—and one with wings!

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

A SCEPTIC AT THE MOVIES.

ABOUT once a year somebody tells me I really ought to go to such and such a movie, because it is at last "art," and will overthrow my scepticism. About once a year, I do go—and remain sceptical. The motion-picture drama does not seem to me any nearer to a quality which I can find interesting, than it did almost twenty years ago, when I used to watch the films "shot" in the old Biograph studios. And for exactly the same reason.

Mr. Gordon Craig once stated that reason tersely. As a stage artist, he said, he no more feared the "cinema" than he feared his pet cat, for the simple reason that individuality is impossible on the screen, and without the individualizing element, without the flavour of personality, there can be no art which can satisfy any but the most primitive minds. Because I well remembered Mr. Otis Skinner in the play, "Kismet," and because I thought that here, if ever, was a play which could be photographed, I went to see Mr. Otis Skinner in the motion-picture version; and found my respect for Mr. Gordon Craig increased.

It would not be quite fair, perhaps, to complain of the absence of colour in the film version, because it is conceivable that the camera can yet supply this grievous deficiency, especially grievous in so Oriental and "hot" a drama as "Kismet." The exhibitors at the Strand Theatre endeavoured to supply the lack by suspending a few Persian rugs from the boxes, and by showing, before the picture began, a crudely painted stage-set of an Oriental village. Nevertheless, I tried to make every allowance for the harsh whiteness of the pictures, as of a painting badly copied in wash, and to get at, otherwise, the reasons for my utter coldness. The film version faithfully followed the play, with none of those silly extraneous episodes which are so often dragged in by movie directors. The story moved rapidly, it was coherent and easily followed, the bits of explanatory text, were terse and, wonderful to relate, grammatical; yet, for all that, it

wasn't "Kismet," it wasn't Mr. Otis Skinner, it wasn't anything in which I could feel more than a mild and child-like curiosity to see what was coming next.

The stage "Kismet," played by Mr. Otis Skinner, is a bloody tale out of the Arabian Nights, removed from an offensive reality by the actor's romantic zest and ironic humour, and by the author's hint of poetic allegory—Hadj, the beggar, ends the day where he began, in his rags by the door of the mosque—removed into a pleasant land of make-believe and drowsy head, where sensuous visions swim and there are sounds of Homeric laughter when Hadj holds his enemy beneath the waters of the pool and watches the bubbles rise. In our prosy, proper world, it is good to know there were such splendid beggars once, such heroic beggars, such magnificent beggars, who in stolen silks could win the smile of the harem's queen. There is the purple haze of beauty all about it, and at the end it dies in moonlight, like a dream.

In the film "Kismet" a photograph of Mr. Skinner in a beard does pretty much what Mr. Skinner did on the stage, so far as physical motions go; but there is neither romance nor ironic humour. In place of that first bland, oily, hypocritical "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms," is a photograph and a printed legend; and that does as summary for all the rest. In place of the author's fable, removed into a haze of distance whither we follow it, enchanted, is a crude and lustful story hard before our eyes, transfigured by no poetry, no imagination, as bald, indeed, as the scenario of the play which you may read in Professor Baker's book on play-writing. Any competent man could have played Hadj and got practically the same effect from it that Mr. Skinner's photograph did. Any competent scenario-editor could have made exactly the same movie-story from the text of the play, and no human being could have detected the difference.

As I sat in the huge theatre, I half closed my eyes from time to time, and gazed over the blurred incline of heads in front of me—hundreds and hundreds of heads, and over the dimly seen orchestra, industriously sawing away at the music without which a motion-picture is intolerable, to the upright square of harsh, greyish-white, twitching light, seemingly through my narrowed lashes miles removed. In this hard, harsh, unlovely square of light, photographs were bobbing about in dumb show, cold and colourless. They made me aware of no personalities, but only of a camera. They could not subdue my imagination, not because it was unwilling, but because it was more powerful than they.

When the first showing of the picture was over, the crowded theatre half emptied itself, and hundreds more came in. They went and came without enthusiasm. During the projection of the picture, I had felt no sense of that mob hush, as it might be called, which is so thrilling because it means that a thousand people are caught up out of themselves. In short, I found exactly what I have always found at the movies, for the last twenty years. I am still a sceptic.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

POETRY.

RECURRENCE.

Like a bright flute that breaks across the dark,
Out of the terror that so wraps us round,
As trampled torches scatter spark on spark,
Love flings its light and weaves its spelling sound.
No lamps can prick old night's star-studded shields,
Nor silence soothe the throbbing thoroughfares.
Fire and iron shock the dreary fields,
And famine feeds on what blind battle spares.

And yet, against the fever and the dread,
Before extinction or millennium,
As men bring roses to the deflowered dead
To life's cold goal with love's warm rose we come.
The whole black history of waste and pain
For a vain moment thus love renders vain.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN HUNGARY.

SIRS: How is it possible that America can continue to stand aside and do nothing, while thousands of Hungarian Jews are being tortured by Admiral Horthy and his complices, who now form the "royal" Government of Hungary? Surely their appeals have reached the ears of their American brothers and sisters. How is it then that their call remains unanswered, as to us in Europe it seems to be? Do not your newspapers tell even a part of what is going on in Hungary to-day? They dare not, of course, tell the whole truth; it would be so terrible, so inhuman, so devilish, that no daily paper would dare to reveal the horrible facts. How is it possible that American public opinion can give its recognition to the representatives of such a Government? Will not America come quickly to the rescue? I am, etc.,
Berlin, Germany.

HERBERT KAHN.

THE SITUATION IN GREECE.

SIRS: In your issue of 8 December I see that you publish a letter from Mr. Polyzoides criticizing my article "The Tragedy that is Greece," which appeared in your issue of the previous week. I venture to think that if Mr. Polyzoides would be kind enough to read my article again, and a little more carefully perhaps, he would soon discover that I actually did say the very things he reproaches me for not saying. Mr. Polyzoides will find that I said, "My impression is that most people in Greece are in agreement with Mr. Pobb's views," and I quoted Mr. Pobb as follows:

Our present Parliament dates back to 1914, and does not represent the present feelings of the country. If we could have a really free election, I believe that the majority of my fellow-countrymen would decide against the policies of the present Government. . . .

Mr. Polyzoides will find also that I quoted another informant thus:

Venizelos chose the wrong method for getting us into the war when he drove our King away with the help of foreign troops, and then when he had accomplished his purpose, he strengthened his position by retiring all the old officers and replacing them with his partisans. And then he formed a Government of incapable men who are merely his tools.

The other points enumerated by Mr. Polyzoides concern the methods by which the recent Greek election was held, and as my article was written fully three weeks before the election I could not describe the details quite so accurately as could Mr. Polyzoides writing three weeks after the election. I am, etc.,
New York City.

SAVEL ZIMAND.

"THE BRASS CHECK."

SIRS: In the *Freeman* of 1 December, Mr. Upton Sinclair says:

The other day *Life* reviewed 'The Brass Check,' and said that I was mistaken in taking for corruption in newspapers what was nothing but commercialism. I think that is one of the funniest things that has ever been written about my work. What a flood of light it throws upon the mentality of those who conduct our capitalist criticism!

I said in *Life* of 28 October, 1920, of "The Brass Check":

An exposé of American journalism as corrupt. It could have been made more convincing; nevertheless all this smoke proceeds from a fire of some size. One trouble is that Sinclair doesn't distinguish between corruption and mere commercialism, which, however philistine it may be, isn't necessarily base. What is really needed is a book showing both black and white, and the black should be black exclusively, and not weakened by doubtful smudges.

Now, I pass the question of whether Mr. Sinclair paraphrased quite correctly. I am not concerned to defend *Life* from a charge of publishing capitalist criticism; nor am I eager to defend my low mentality which, quite possibly, led me into inept phrasing. What I had in mind was such facts cited by Mr. Sinclair as (to single out one) the practice of withholding the name of a department-store where a shop-lifter has been arrested, an assault has taken place, etc. Let us suppose a half-crazed person, coming in from the street, swallows carbolic acid in Marble & Granite's upholstery department. The newspaper omits to mention Marble & Granite; that newspaper has not necessarily shown itself corrupt, has it, though commercialism rather than tact or delicacy has probably guided the copy-desk? But if Mr. Marble be taken in crime and nothing at all about the affair be printed, corruption is plain and unmistakable, however tacit and perfectly concealed. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair will say the line can not be drawn. But, actually, in practice, I think almost any experienced and honest newspaperman can always draw it. If he suppresses or omits any name or fact that is vital or relevant—anything the knowledge of which may enter into the

forming of public opinion or the formulation of public action—he acts corruptly.

That is what I meant. My past includes twelve years of newspaper work—reporter, copy-desk, editorial writing, what-not—all in New York except for a few months apiece in Denver and San Francisco. I have no illusions, nor any particular bright expectations, about American newspapers in the present or early future. Commercialism is everywhere among them; yet, under the distinction I would draw, not many are corrupt and few are consistently corrupt. I speak of the news columns; editorial pages are happily transparent to an increasing army of readers. I am, etc.,
Patchogue, New York.

GRANT M. OVERTON.

WANTED, A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

SIRS: I wish you would do something to add to my delight and your own. Begin an agitation and *keep it up* to have a national convention called to make a complete revision of the United States Constitution. You would enjoy making faces at the Ark of the Covenant and I would enjoy seeing you make them. You could unite all the radicals and many of the liberals—everybody, bolsheviks, communists, socialists of all stripes, I. W. W., trades unionists, single-taxers, farmer-labourers, anti-prohibitionists, even the Pinchotists, perhaps. Think of it as a precipitant in the political tactics of the day (a little out of kilter, tactics and precipitants, but Irish blood will tell)—such a separate herding of goats and sheep. The money gentlemen would control the convention, of course, as they controlled the making of the Constitution but we could give them a good fight for it. We could pull something away from them.

You will not live, nor your children, to have a hand in grabbing economic rent, but you may, just barely may, live to help tear down the Constitution, to shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer, etc. Think of the reasons for it—historical—even the Church changes, one syllabus is not as another, they have Catholic Socialists in Italy to-day. You can not be an economic-rent Christ but you can at least be his John the Baptist. I am, etc.,

CAPRICORNUS.

THE SCIENCE OF TRADE.

SIRS: Won't you allow me to drive up behind your free-trade battery with a little ammunition which may perhaps be used with advantage against Mr. Harding when he moves into the White House next year. The following paragraphs are taken from the Petition of the British Merchants, presented to Parliament in May, 1820. Writing eight years later, the economist, Nassau W. Senior, characterized this petition as "the most important document on the science of trade which has ever been made public." No doubt Mr. Harding would disagree with Mr. Senior; but it would be interesting to hear the President-elect attempt to refute the points made in this century-old petition:

That foreign commerce is eminently conducive to the wealth and prosperity of a country by enabling it to impart the commodities for the production of which the soil, climate, capital and industry of other countries are best calculated, and to export in payment those articles for which its own situation is better adapted.

That freedom from restraint is best calculated to give the utmost extension to foreign trade, and the best direction to the capital and industry of the country.

That the maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, which regulates every merchant in his individual dealings is strictly applicable, as the best rule for the trade of the whole nation.

That a policy founded on these principles would render the commerce of the world an interchange of mutual advantages, and diffuse an increase of wealth and enjoyments among the inhabitants of each state.

That, unfortunately, a policy the very reverse of this has been, and is, more or less, adopted and acted upon by the Government of this and of every other country; each trying to exclude the productions of other countries, with the specious and well-meant design of encouraging its own productions; thus inflicting on the bulk of its subjects, who are consumers, the necessity of submitting to privations in the quantity or quality of commodities; and thus rendering what ought to be the source of mutual benefit and of harmony among States, a constantly recurring occasion of jealousy and hostility.

That the prevailing prejudices in favour of the protective or restrictive system may be traced to the erroneous supposition that, every importation of foreign commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent; whereas it may be clearly shown, that although the particular description of production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition, would be discouraged, yet as no importation could be continued for any length of time without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement, for the purpose of that exportation, of some other production to which our situation might be better suited; thus affording at least an equal, and probably a greater, and certainly a more beneficial, employment to our own capital and labour.

That of the numerous protective and prohibitory duties of our Commercial Code it may be proved, that while all operate as a very heavy tax on the community at large, very few are of any ultimate

benefit to the classes in whose favour they were originally instituted, and none to the extent of the laws occasioned by them to other classes.

That among the other evils of the restrictive or protective system, not the least is, that the artificial protection of one branch of industry, or source of production, against foreign competition, is set up as a ground of claim by other branches for similar protection; so that if the reasoning upon which these restrictions or prohibitory regulations are founded were followed out consistently, it would not stop short of excluding us from all foreign commerce whatsoever. And the same train of argument which, with corresponding prohibitions and protective duties, should exclude us from foreign trade, might be brought forward to justify the re-enactment of restrictions upon the interchange of productions (unconnected with public revenue) among the kingdoms composing the union, or among the counties of the same kingdom.

That an investigation of the effects of the restrictive system at this time is peculiarly called for, as it may, in the opinion of your Petitioners, lead to a strong presumption that the distress which now so generally prevails, is considerably augmented by that system; and that some relief may be obtained by the earliest practicable removal of such of the restraints as may be shewn to be most injurious to the capital and industry of the community, and to be attended with no compensating benefit to the public revenue.

That a declaration against the anti-commercial principles of our restrictive system is of the more importance at the present juncture, inasmuch as in several instances of recent occurrence, the merchants and manufacturers in foreign States have assailed their respective Governments with applications for further protective or prohibitory duties and regulations, urging the example and authority of this country, against which they are almost exclusively directed, as a sanction for the policy of such measures. And, certainly, if the reasoning upon which our restrictions have been defended is worth anything, it will apply in behalf of the regulations of foreign States against us. They insist upon our superiority in capital and machinery, as we do upon their comparative exemption from taxation, and, with equal foundation.

That nothing would tend more to counteract the commercial hostility of foreign States than the adoption of a more enlightened and more conciliatory policy on the part of this country.

That although as a matter of mere diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of particular prohibitions or high duties, as depending upon corresponding concessions by other States in our favour, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions in cases where the desired concessions on their part can not be obtained. Our restrictions would not be less prejudicial to our own capital and industry because other governments persisted in preserving impolitic regulations.

That upon the whole the most liberal would prove to be the most politic course on such occasions.

I am, etc.,

GALLERIUS.

BOOKS.

CONTEMPORARY POETS.

THE poetry of Mr. Robert Nichols¹ provides the intelligent reader with a remarkable display of the Oxford manner in the full bloom of its maturity. The unintelligent reader, gaping after Mr. Nichols's strained phrases and violent locutions, probably thinks it remarkable; but after one has read some hundred other poets, English and foreign, it becomes quite easy to trace this poet's parentage. Mr. Nichols springs from the Elizabethans and seventeenth century poets via Doughty; and has added thereto a slight soupçon of one or two French symbolists, such as Mallarmé, and one or two neo-Catholic French poets such as Claudel and Jammes. He has read, I warrant, Sir Philip Sidney, and Doughty, and Chapman, and Donne, and even the great Fulke Greville, Lord Broke. He has devoured "The Dawn in Britain," that portentous epic in eight volumes which I have been trying, without success, to read for about ten years. He has puzzled over "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," and "L'Annonce faite à Marie," and has certainly read Jammes's poem about the donkey. And the result is, to my taste, like a dish flavoured with nutmeg and cinnamon, to which has been added a dash of tabasco sauce. Yet underneath all the various and conflicting postures, grimaces and attitudes which this poet is capable of assuming, there runs an utterly unchastened strain of violent Keatsian lyricism. In his better work, this strain is so powerful that, for the moment, Mr. Nichols is able to forget all the other poets he has read and to give us something as interesting as "The Flower of Flame." But even here, one yearns for some point of repose amid all this parade of "flame-vehement," "scalding" sensation, tortured and violent, so much like a Rupert Brooke suffering from sunstroke!

I have already said enough to indicate that Mr. Nichols's earlier style was saner, more balanced, and more individual at bottom than anything contained in his later de-

velopment. The pieces written in this earlier style, in the present volume, are, roughly, the two pieces from the "Budded Branch," "The Flower of Flame" mentioned above, "November," and "Swan-Song." Despite the inevitable touches of morbid self-pity in almost all these poems, they are poetry. Even here there are traces of borrowing: for instance, "The Rain" is taken from Verhaeren's superb poem, and "Swan-Song" ends on a note derived entirely from Masfield. As regards the rest of the book, it is all a catalogue of defects and blemishes. The war poems lack hardness and austerity; the poems in "Encounters" have a flavour of affectation about them; the "Four Idylls" are sentimental in essence, and marred by such lines as "fled over the sceptre-spikes of the chestnuts." No doubt these poems contain a great deal of sincere feeling; but it is all clogged by extravagant verbiage in expression.

When one turns from these works to the sonnet-sequence entitled "Aurelia," one is forced to admit that Mr. Nichols looks dubiously unlikely to do anything great as a poet. Here is the Oxford manner complete; and here, apparently, is the poetry that he wishes us especially to commend in his volume. These sonnets seem to me simply the apotheosis of the baroque style. Tortured inversions, clever Elizabethan conceits, pedantic archaisms, overstrained rhetoric are summoned to the support of an idea neither deeply felt nor deeply recorded. At their best, these sonnets make the worst Elizabethan sonnets tolerable; at their worst, they descend to lines such as the following, which might almost be taken as an exact description of the effect they produce in bulk:

I am not rancorous, but there is in you
Something that would a very angel harry,
An amaurosis as to what is due
To those who bear the cross yourself should carry.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

It is earnest and fine-minded criticism which Miss Mary C. Sturgeon has written in her "Studies of Contemporary Poets"—contemporary English poets. Her volume tends to do what some one has said is perfectly accomplished by Sir Sidney Colvin's life of Keats: it sets one reading the originals over again. Miss Sturgeon has a genuine gift for quotation, a true sense of poetic melody, and a desire to reveal the best in her subjects. Her taste is single and consistent. She has nothing to do with such irregulars as Mr. D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Richard Aldington. Her affection—it is manifest as affection—lies with those who have produced unmistakable music, a rich imagery, and something of a philosophy. Such minor poets as Mr. John Presland and Miss Margaret Woods seem to be included in her survey chiefly because of their really noble concern with fundamental human purposes, and in her studies of Mr. Lancelles Abercrombie, Miss Rose Macaulay, Mr. James Stevens, indeed in nearly every paper in her substantial volume, the point toward which she works is a consideration of the poet's attitude toward the eternal verities.

This is perhaps inevitable in any thorough-going criticism; it may be valuable if it does not become part of a stereotyped scheme, and if the definitions that result are trenchant. But in Miss Sturgeon's studies there is a certain reiteration of such phrases as "feeling for humanity" and the "time-spirit." She seldom reaches through to definitions. For one thing, she lacks the sharp realistic sense which would force her to confront actualities in expression. In a charming and plausible, but essentially blind essay on Thomas Hardy, she speaks of the brief "unadjusted" impressions of people and situation—chiefly ironic—which Hardy sets into verse, and says that they are not poetry, brushing aside the fact that they are, after all, Hardy. Then, by an intensive view of certain idyllic poems, she makes of this poet a kind of exalted purveyor of mellow good cheer; and the question of philosophy is lost altogether. Again, Miss Sturgeon is nothing of a realist or she would not repeat the worn convention that

¹"Aurelia and Other Poems." Robert Nichols. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

¹"Studies of Contemporary Poets." Mary C. Sturgeon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.

the essence of the Celtic spirit is a "sense of infinite longing, of something remote and unattainable, of wistfulness and melancholy, of a sort of homesickness of the soul." These phrases may or may not apply to Mr. W. B. Yeats, of whom she is speaking; Mr. Yeats, indeed, has assisted in spreading the notion that they are representative of the Celt. But it is becoming a kind of slander to use them so sweepingly, and they go whistling down the wind whenever they are tested. Satire and sudden humour are certainly dominant in much or most Irish folk-lore when taken in literal translations, rather than in the valuable but etherealized composites of Lady Gregory. Synge was never wistful; there was nothing soft about Synge. It would be hard to find "homesickness of soul" in Mr. James Stephens's "Demi-Gods." Ledwidge was rapturously filled with a sense of the concrete and lovely present.

The fact is that Miss Sturgeon's criticism leans toward sentimentalism, and not only because she tends always to stress the good, the true, the perennially sad. Her writing clings too close to its matter even when she is at her best, which is in interpretation of the thought and melody in given passages; and her exquisiteness of appreciation tends in one way or another to impede the flow of critical thought. One poet seems in retrospect very much like another. The two exceptions are Mr. W. H. Davies and Michael Field; but in the case of Mr. Davies Miss Sturgeon has been able to quote his lyrics almost entire, so that the poet himself, with a discriminating assistance, practically draws his own portrait. In the study of Michael Field there is a definite and strange story to tell of the two women who wrote under that name; but neither of these papers strikes the rock-bottom of criticism. There is, indeed, room for a group of studies of the poets whom Miss Sturgeon has considered in this volume, contemporary poets of unmistakable power or sincerity who have kept well within tradition. But such studies will require astringency as well as delicacy, more humour than Miss Sturgeon shows, and a greater fearlessness.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

THE importance of an age may be determined often by the intensity of its passions. By the liberal fulfillment of all the divine excesses of the flesh certain truths and implications of existence are borne in upon the seeker. Too often, however, we have chosen to hide the face of love from our weak eyes, and have set her in lofty places, obscuring the unpremeditated passion of her being in dogma, hypocrisy, lies and innuendo. Behind the Victorian angels, who still flap their eider-down wings and tinkle Tennysonian numbers upon their citoles, roll the Apocalyptic thunders of a new era, an age of ecstasy and curiosity, an age that would smash the mask of clay and peer intensely into the face of love. In the realm of poetry the dawn of this new age is becoming increasingly apparent. Mr. Louis Untermeyer's new volume of poems, "The New Adam,"¹ plainly reveals it. For here is love expressed in modern fashion. The old veils have been stripped from it and a new Adam cries out before the reader, an Adam who has his occasional regrets for the old Paradise but would not forsake the new.

There is in this recent work of Mr. Untermeyer's a note that is singular in American poetry. It shows a writer who has become curious about the soul, who has been made aware, in most abrupt fashion, of the potency of the loved one. The woman has ceased to be a traditional type, and this is one of the glories of our contemporary poetry. We have become destroyers of traditional types—that is why we are progressing. If we are curious about the soul, indeed, if we are curious about our passions, if we are curious about the reactions we give and undergo, then we can not help but progress. For we are explorers then, and the wilderness through which we are faring is undiscovered country. It is because Mr. Untermeyer has discovered this truth that his work is worthy of attention.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

DRAMAS OF DISCUSSION.

MR. LAWRENCE's new play, "Touch and Go,"² seems to indicate that, while the author may have gained compensations in other ways, he has lost, temporarily, it is to be hoped, under the blighting strains and trials of the last few years, some of the vital energy that is essential to a dramatist. Six or seven years ago, soon after the publication of his best novel, "Sons and Lovers," Mr. Lawrence wrote another play, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," the theme of which was strikingly similar to that of the first part of the novel: the primitive, child-like miner husband, with the refined wife, loving him with instinctive love, and hating him with her consciousness; the dislike of son for father; the death of the father. There was movement and an emotion-generating impulse in that play which is lacking in the later one. Is the early melody the only melody the singer really knows, really cares about? The later play, "Touch and Go," purports, in a short but Shavian preface, to be a play for a "People's Theatre," dealing with living individuals. But it has a portentous philosophic thesis, concerned with the struggle of capital and labour, a thesis which is not sustained by the action. The play opens with a scene in which a leader is attempting to stir up the miners. Just as we are becoming interested in this and in all that it portends, we are suddenly introduced to one of the owners of the mine and to his personal love affairs. At once our interest is divided and weakened. It is as though Mr. Lawrence felt a contempt for the problems of life and love between individuals, as if they had become for him merely empty and trivial things in the face of such huge forces; for the play goes on wearily and perfunctorily until the end. The frame is altogether too big for the picture, which portrays the flippant, tired indecision, to marry or not to marry, of two people who have previously lived together "for hate" for three years. At the end of the reading we feel as though we had been promised a gladiatorial show in a great Roman arena, and have been ignominiously jerked off instead to the edifying spectacle of Punch beating an indifferent Judy.

ELVA DE PUE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Romain Rolland wrote two specimens of what he called "Plays for a People's Theatre," and very fine specimens they were. To-day, one of these, "Danton," is being given at Max Reinhardt's "Theatre of the Five Thousand" in Berlin at popular prices and in a manner wholly alien to the old middle-class peep-show playhouse of the nineteenth century, a manner really of the future and quite probably of the "people's theatre" that is to come. In "The Fight for Freedom,"³ Mr. Douglas Goldring leads off another projected series of "Plays for a People's Theatre" with just the sort of "drama of discussion" which intellectuals wrote for intellectuals twenty years ago, and which M. Rolland, with something approaching divination, deliberately avoided when he set himself to the same task. If it were not for Mr. Goldring's introduction, it would be very hard to believe that anyone could seriously contribute this muscle-bound thesis-play as anything the people or anybody else but a theatrical antiquarian would be interested in. But in his introduction, Mr. Goldring "places" himself in the glorious *naïveté* of these words. "Play-writing is 'in the air.' It is impossible that authors of the younger generation who have ideas to express should long resist the temptation to express them in dramatic form."

On the surface, "The Fight for Freedom" is a post-war product: its plot revolves about the reactions of various stupid middle-class persons, and a couple of the thoroughly enlightened, to the rape of a girl in a London flat by the officer whom she has jilted during his leave from the front. And does not the *raisonneuse* affirm: "One knows that—oh! so very soon—the Dawn will come rising in

¹ "The New Adam." Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

² "Touch and Go." D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.
³ "The Fight for Freedom." Douglas Goldring. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

its red splendour over this shattered and desolate world?" How it all smells of the grave of the Ibsen theatre!

When the younger generation really begins to make dramas which the man and the woman in the street and the office and the factory will want to see, they will be dramas utterly devoid of this mulling over of the so-called "problems" of the upper-middle class. Probably they will have very little to do even with the difficulties of paying the butcher and the baker out of the wages of the candlestick-maker. They will play with action instead of reflection and will dance on whatever little bonfires of the thesis-mongers may still be smouldering. If they have anything at all to do with such dreary facts of the people's existence as the factory-system, it will probably be to give us little tableaux of that "red dawn" rising through the smoke-stacks. They will certainly not worry over such emotions and attitudes as those of the people in "The Fight for Freedom," or spend four acts discovering that the war has brutalized the manhood of the world. They are more likely to spend their energies on attempting to put back into the world a little of the life of the spirit.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT THE WAR.

IN his "Thoughts of a Psychiatrist on the War and After," Dr. White shows that to seek to justify and idealize war on psychological grounds, ignoring its economic and political causes, is to be driven to the same subterfuges, the same unstable conclusions, as those of the religious apologists and sentimental traditionalists who essay the same task. The psychiatrist, however, presents an agreeable variation to these in his perception of certain fundamental truths. When he says, for example, that "the essential nature of the unconscious can be summed up in the single word, self-seeking, which knows only its own individual interests and would go directly to its goal irrespective of anything else; that it contains those tendencies to gluttony, lust, to lie and deceive, to hate, cruelty and murder, which characterize the savage and the child," he is several strides ahead of the war-patriot and the religionist, who would qualify this general indictment of mankind by having it apply only to their enemies, or to those unregenerates whose natures have not been "touched and informed by the Spirit of God." Dr. White, moreover, is still on solid ground when he maintains that these natural instincts of the individual should be repressed and sublimated in the interest of the social group of which he is a constituent member. What Dr. White fails to emphasize properly is the initial incentive which can, or should, induce the individual to forgo the gratification of immediate desires for the sake of the group; thus he falls into the common error of putting the group incentive above the individual incentive as an ideal.

Clearly the only thing which can subdue or replace a primal instinct is something which makes a stronger appeal to self-interest than the primal instinct; and this is what happens when the individual perceives he can secure certain definite advantages for himself through group action which he could not obtain by himself. It must be distinctly recognized, however, that his interest in the group rests primarily upon intelligent self-interest, and that his loyalty to the group will be conditioned upon his receiving from it the promised benefits. If, in any given case, the expected benefits fail to accrue; and if it has been demonstrated that those entrusted with the direction of group affairs have administered them in the interest of a small privileged class—to the neglect and injury of the majority; in a word, if the group has broken faith with the individual, the inevitable effect will be to weaken and eventually destroy individual respect for group solidarity, and loyalty to the social organism. One could not wish it otherwise, for anything else would be to accept the slave's code that it is one's duty to defend one's oppressor and betrayer. It can not be true, therefore, as

¹"Thoughts of a Psychiatrist on the War and After." Dr. William A. White. New York: Paul B. Hoeber.

Dr. White says, that "the interests of the individual and the interests of the herd are frequently opposed," except under such a condition of betrayal of the individual by the State. For in every well-ordered State, whose affairs are impartially conducted for the highest good of all, the true interests of the citizen are never at odds with the true interests of society as a whole: as Marcus Aurelius said, "That which is not good for the swarm can not be good for the bee."

This is, in effect, the crux of the most rational and effective argument directed against war to-day, and to ignore it is to beg the whole question, and wander hopelessly in a maze of meaningless abstractions and false assumptions. When this economic and political argument is fairly met, the whole fabric of war myths will crumble, and without any assistance from a bogus "league of nations," for which Dr. White appears to be making a somewhat halting plea.

ANNIE RILEY HALE.

SHORTER NOTICES.

IN "The Ghost in the White House" Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has issued yet another volume in which, as a mystical sentimentalist, he wanders into the realm of political economy. His cure for the evils that beset us is simple. "People fight because they can not get each other's attention," he says, and applies this diagnosis both to wars and labour disputes. A curious statement in a society such as ours where the manifold educational and informative agencies of privilege command our attention from the time we enter kindergarten until our aged senses cease to function. The trouble is not that we will not listen, but rather that our whole attention is constantly diverted from essentials by the propaganda of the institutions of legalized thievery. Mr. Lee's naive view is that wars are caused by the impatience and unreasonableness of peoples. They are in fact due to the docility of peoples in accepting the misrepresentations of political governments expressing the will of organized selfishness. Mr. Lee writes for the most part in words of one syllable, a style admirably suited to reflect his own mental processes.

H. K.

BEHOLD, not all the feminists are gathered in one hemisphere, and not all the battles for the emancipation of women are being conducted in accordance with European rules! For example, in Java there has lately lived and died the daughter of a regent, who devoted the few brief years of her career to tearing down the barriers which have kept the women of her race in subjection for centuries. Raden Adjeng Kartini, although her life was cut short at the age of twenty-five, began a campaign for the education of the Javanese women which has given, and is giving, a brighter outlook to unknown thousands. To-day there are Kartini schools throughout Java, and Kartini herself is looked upon as a national heroine. The origin and development of the inspiration which led to this achievement may be traced in the volume of letters, which has lately been published under the title of "Letters of a Javanese Princess," with an introduction by M. Louis Couperus. Most of this correspondence was addressed to intimate friends in Holland, and behind it one may trace the personality of a sensitive, determined, philosophic nature. As a picture of life in a remote corner of the world, the letters have real value, apart from their undoubted human appeal. It is sometimes difficult however to escape the feeling that the writer of them had an eye to their ultimate public appearance, when she grasped the pen, which may account for occasional lapses into a somewhat didactic and self-conscious style.

L. B.

EVERY age has its King Canutes. They stand before the tide of the times, making their famous gesture—sometimes pathetic, sometimes ludicrous, always futile. Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley is all these things as she stands before the restless sea of modern womanhood crying: "Back, back to your cradles and kitchens!" But all her denunciations in "Women's Wild Oats" will not alter the fact that a growing number of women in every country are demanding full personal liberty based on economic independence, and are in no mood to be denied.

¹"The Ghost in the White House." Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

²"Letters of a Javanese Princess." Raden Adjeng Kartini. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

³"Women's Wild Oats." C. Gasquoine Hartley. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mrs. Hartley insists that this demand is not only regrettable but is somehow artificial and does not represent woman's real desires. But she leaves one wondering how it can be that this ambition, which is so laudable in the male half of humanity and is now being so plainly demonstrated in the female, can be so utterly unnatural as she would have us believe. Nevertheless, despite her diatribes against the modern girl, we must not rashly set Mrs. Hartley down as a true-blue reactionary. Though she insists that woman's place is the home, she would have us make that place far more acceptable than it is at present. She wants the State to be kinder to and more careful of illegitimate children. An Englishwoman herself, she speaks out vigorously against the scandalous imbecilities of the English marriage and divorce laws. She even favours legal partnerships outside marriage—although one can not discover that she makes any very clear distinction between "true marriage," "recognized unions" and "wild love." In spite of her fervid indignation at the unnecessary burdens of womankind, she usually fails to understand the real difficulties and she altogether ignores more radical cures. Her own favoured remedies are too vaguely indicated to be a matter for demonstration or refutation; they are rather the passionate assertions of a personal faith.

V. G.

THE honest patriot having deprived the present Juniors and Seniors of even the most elementary knowledge of the late German language, it was necessary for some one to re-edit Professor Bernheim's "Handbook of Historical Method" in the tongue of the undergraduate. Professor Flinng has done this in his new volume, "The Writing of History."¹ Indeed, he has performed his task with a great deal of enthusiasm and there is not even the tiniest misprint, miscalculation or mis-guess in this well-printed book. (Where the Yale Press gets such excellent paper at this day is an interesting mystery.) But the little book fills us with misgivings. We miss one chapter; it should come at the end; it should contain solemn words of warning: to wit, that the writing of history is quite as much of an art and quite as little of a science as the art of fiddling or painting. Professor Flinng expresses the pious hope that he may have "awakened in a few the laudable ambition to contribute something to the exact knowledge of man's past life in society through acquaintance with the methods of research and their careful and conscious application." That ambition has existed for many years and it has filled our libraries with wellnigh half their contents. Shunned by man and worm, the books stand. They will continue to stand until their pulp returns to dust. Meanwhile, they might be doing good, like the Great Master who, ignorant of the most elementary principles of theological method, shook the world out of the sloth of Roman materialism. Our sterile world is filled with handbooks of method. The further we proceed into the trackless desert of unproductivity, the larger becomes the number of printed guides. Professor Flinng's essay reminds us of the eager young man who came to Rembrandt and asked, "O Master, by what formula do you learn how to paint light and shadow?"

H. W. v. L.

MORE or less vaguely we all realize that the Russian peasant holds the key to the solution of the Russian problem; at any rate, as far as the Russians themselves are concerned. Of pivotal importance, therefore, is the question: what really are the present relations between the peasants and the Soviet Government? Unfortunately, no adequate account has yet been given to the Western world of what is actually going on inside the great Russian hive. Yet it is obvious that, should the Bolsheviki settle the agrarian problem, or, what is really more important, should they succeed in establishing a smoothly-working arrangement between the peasant and the city-workman, the soviet system would become so firmly established that all of us, friends and enemies alike, would be obliged to bow before this great twentieth-century reformation. Considering the general demand for information on this point, it must be said that, excellently and sympathetically written as it is, Mr. Hindus's book, "The Russian Peasant and the Revolution,"² is a failure. It is a failure because it contains hardly a word that helps us to understand what is now going on in Russia. Furthermore, its interpretation of the *mouzhik* himself is extremely confused. In one chapter he is too poor to buy tea; in another, he consumes one-third or more of all the vodka. In one chapter he is the support of Russian art and music; in another, Russian music and art

are entirely foreign to him in his ignorance and poverty. On one page Russian political life is a mystery beyond his control; on another, he holds fast to an economic policy to which political parties must submit in order to succeed. Yet, in spite of all this, the book has a certain positive value; the writer succeeds in bringing home to us the conviction that Russia's future can be understood only in terms of the life of the peasantry and that, whatever happens, the peasant must become the sole possessor of the soil.

M. L. L.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

It would be hard to imagine anyone more grotesque than the Margaret Fuller of tradition. Criticism has never been able to leave her alone and yet has taken a sort of perverse delight in distorting her. She had the double misfortune of being too intellectual for the popular opinion of her time and too "instinctive" for her Transcendental friends; she was an Ugly Duckling who died too soon to counteract the legend of the barnyard. But it will be news to many readers of Katharine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller: a Psychological Biography" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe) that she has been the victim of a deliberate suppression of facts. It was only after she went to Europe that the Ugly Duckling emerged as a swan, and a full and frank airing of her career there would have given her in history the status to which she was entitled. How different the Margaret Fuller legend would have been if it had been permitted to spring, not from the spiteful caricatures of Lowell and the equivocal observations of Emerson, but from what must have been the large and catholic views of the Brownings and Mazzini! These reminiscences were sent to America but unaccountably "went astray in the mail." The inference is that they contained references to her belated marriage and threw too clear a light upon the mystery of her little Nino. It was to give her before the public, no doubt, the name of an "honest" woman, that Margaret Fuller's good New England friends suppressed what might have given her the name of a great one. This is what always happens when people tamper with the truth.

It is doubtful, to be sure, if the whole truth about Margaret Fuller could ever have been brought to light without recourse to the Freudian psychology. Miss Anthony reveals her as a portent by the simple method of elucidating the logic of her career: her oddities become in our minds the inevitable expressions of a remarkable will-to-power when we have seen them in their natural connexion. Briefly, Miss Anthony shows that the determining fact in her life was the singular bond that united Margaret Fuller and her father. To this she owed much of her neurotic suffering, the precocity of her emotional life, her incapacity for the natural satisfactions of youth; to it she owed also her feminism, her "masculine" passion to excel intellectually, her consuming interest in politics and the victory of a world republicanism. All this becomes obvious enough when, along with an understanding of the bond between this father and this daughter, we are given an insight into the character of the father himself. Margaret was "the centre of his attentions and his hopes" and Miss Anthony makes it plain that "her childish love" for him "was the mainspring of her whole career." With this key in our minds we find everything that she was and did quite intelligible. How much of the resistance she encountered in New England, how much of her success abroad is to be explained by the readiness of her access to the Unconscious, which at the same time made her so incompatible with her Puritan environment and gave her the force of ten men when she found a stage big enough for her!

MISS ANTHONY's use of the psychoanalytic method, in short, opens up all sorts of startling possibilities for investigation. Her Freudian glimpses into Mrs. Browning, Harriet Martineau, Hawthorne, Carlyle and others might, each one, be expanded into a book. If also one were to accept for biography the dictum of Georg Brandes, that

¹"The Writing of History: an Introduction to Historical Method." Fred Morrow Flinng. New Haven: Yale University Press.

²"The Russian Peasant and the Revolution." Maurice G. Hindus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

while the romantic intellect is interested in the significance of things, the modern intellect is interested only in their causes, then it might be predicted that the day of the Plutarchs has passed and that Freud is to be the master of the biographers of the future. But, in reality, what concerns the biographer is the significance of things all the time, and the "truth" of things, like their causes, is only a small part of their significance. Indeed, one might say that psychoanalysis, applied in biography without any admixture of other elements, has only a clinical value: the subject becomes a *corpus vile*, precisely as in anatomy, and serves the physician and the psychologist by placing them in possession of certain usable facts. What counts in biography, meanwhile, is not the causes of the character but the significance of the character, the character itself, or rather, since the biographer is of equal importance with the subject, the impact of one character on another: so that the attempt would be no more desirable and no less futile to turn biography into a science than it has proved to be in the case of history. We may say, therefore, that if Miss Anthony had been satisfied with giving a naturalistic explanation of Margaret Fuller, the result, while it would have had its scientific interest, could hardly have counted artistically. What redeems her book for criticism is the vividly comprehending interest with which she comes forward to meet the facts.

MISS ANTHONY tells us that she has made no effort to unearth fresh materials in regard to Margaret Fuller. Indeed, one seems to remember most of the incidents of her life, most of her comments on books, persons and society, as they reappear in these pages. But they reappear with an impressiveness that is altogether new. One had not realized how wise and penetrating Margaret Fuller was, how large in every way. That she had met George Sand as an equal, that her example had greatly influenced George Eliot, that she was Mazzini's confidant, that she had played a by no means minor rôle in the Roman revolution, all this one had known. But one had known it without quite taking it in; Margaret Fuller was a mythological personage—anything might have happened to her. But Miss Anthony makes it convincing; she reveals her heroine realistically not as a person to whom these things happened half by accident but rather as one to whom they happened as a matter of course because her natural calibre was equal to them. That she was capable of taking charge of a large hospital during the siege of Rome, of "taming Garibaldi's legionaries," of perceiving the inadequacy of Mazzini's programme from the economic point of view, of taking an accurate measure of half the notabilities of her generation, of surveying, and surveying justly, in five or six different aspects, civilizations not merely foreign to her but with which she had had the briefest contact follows quite naturally from the notion of her character one gathers from these pages. If this is surprising, if it is new and unexpected, it simply means that we are seeing Margaret Fuller for the first time as the great world in her own day must have seen her. Miss Anthony has been able to look over the wall of tradition, or rather to look through it as if it were not there; in other words, she has brought to her subject the large and tolerant sympathy it has never received before at an American writer's hands.

If it is the woman of action chiefly who comes to life again in this study, one gains a renewed sense also of the interest and importance of Margaret Fuller's writings. One had forgotten how acute and level-headed were her views of the American literature of her day. Her comments on Longfellow and Lowell could not have been more just. And what words have ever been truer of Emerson than these?—"We doubt this friend raised himself too early to the perpendicular, and did not lie along the ground long enough to hear the whispers of our parent life." Much has been said of late years of the unique distinction of Edgar Allan Poe as an American critic. One ventures to say that Margaret Fuller's distinction was considerably greater, and for several rea-

sons: because she was less interested in the technical aspect of literature and more in its spirit, because she occupied herself, on the whole, with more significant works, and because her acceptance and understanding of human nature and its instincts was so much richer and freer than his. But no doubt Miss Anthony is right in feeling that Margaret Fuller was more significant as a feminist than as a critic: one can easily believe from her exposition that "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" is one of the landmarks in the movement for the liberation of women as individuals. Two or three quotations more than suggest it:

Union is only possible to those who are units.

Women are taught to learn their rule from without, not to unfold it from within.

I think women need, especially at this juncture, a much greater range of occupation than they have, to rouse their latent powers. . . . Who dares not observe the immediate glow and serenity that is diffused over the life of women, before restless or fretful, by engaging in gardening, building, or the lowest department of art?

Women are now taught, at school, all that men are . . . but with this difference: men are called on, from a very early period, to reproduce all that they learn. . . . But women learn without any attempt to reproduce. Their only reproduction is for purposes of display.

Such were the teachings of this Aspasia of the forties, who corrupted the women of Boston "by means of intellectual orgies."

ALTOGETHER, it is an imposing figure that emerges from Miss Anthony's pages, a figure whose dignity shames the shallow and libellous reports of popular tradition. It recalls to our minds what a great and stirring moment Margaret Fuller's was in our social history, a moment that was great, or at least hopeful, intellectually and morally, as no other moment has been since the Civil War. For it is by wars, inevitably, as it appears, that one dates these moments! "Since the Revolution," Margaret Fuller wrote, "there has been little, in the circumstances of this country, to call out the higher sentiments. The effect of continued prosperity is the same on nations as on individuals—it leaves the nobler faculties undeveloped. . . . New England is now old enough, some there have leisure enough, to look at all this, and the consequence is a violent reaction, in a small minority. . . . They see that political freedom does not necessarily produce liberality of mind, nor freedom in church institutions, vital religion; and, seeing that these changes can not be wrought from without inwards, they are trying to quicken the soul, that they may work from within outwards. . . . Man is not made for society, but society is made for man. No institution can be good which does not tend to improve the individual. . . . I agree with those who think that no true philosophy will try to ignore or annihilate the material part of man, but will rather seek to put it in its place as servant and minister to the soul." That was written in 1840. In 1920 we are using the same words. For half a century and more the development of our civilization has been so arrested by material preoccupations that we stand to-day exactly where Margaret Fuller stood. Again we have our "small minority in violent reaction," a minority sympathetic, as that other minority was, with revolution, with emancipation, with the cause of the spirit. It was a war that put an end to that earlier movement; possibly it may prove that another war has been the making of ours.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"History of a Literary Radical and Other Essays," by Randolph Bourne. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"The Traditions of European Literature," by Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Uncle Moses," by Sholom Asch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

"Ancient Man," by Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright.

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- "An Analysis of Socialism" by Max Hirsch50c.
- "A Great Iniquity" by Leo Tolstoy25c.
- "Where Iron is, There is the Fatherland" by C. K. Streit50c.
- "The Endowment of Motherhood" edited by Katharine Anthony.....50c.
- "The Twelve" by Alexander Blok50c.
- "The Economics of Ireland" by George W. Russell ("Æ")25c.
- "On American Books" edited by Francis Hackett50c.
- "Patriotism, Truth and War Guilt" by Georges Demartial50c.
- "Socialism on Trial" by Morris Hillquit50c.

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